Saturday Night

January 23, 1954 • 10 Cents

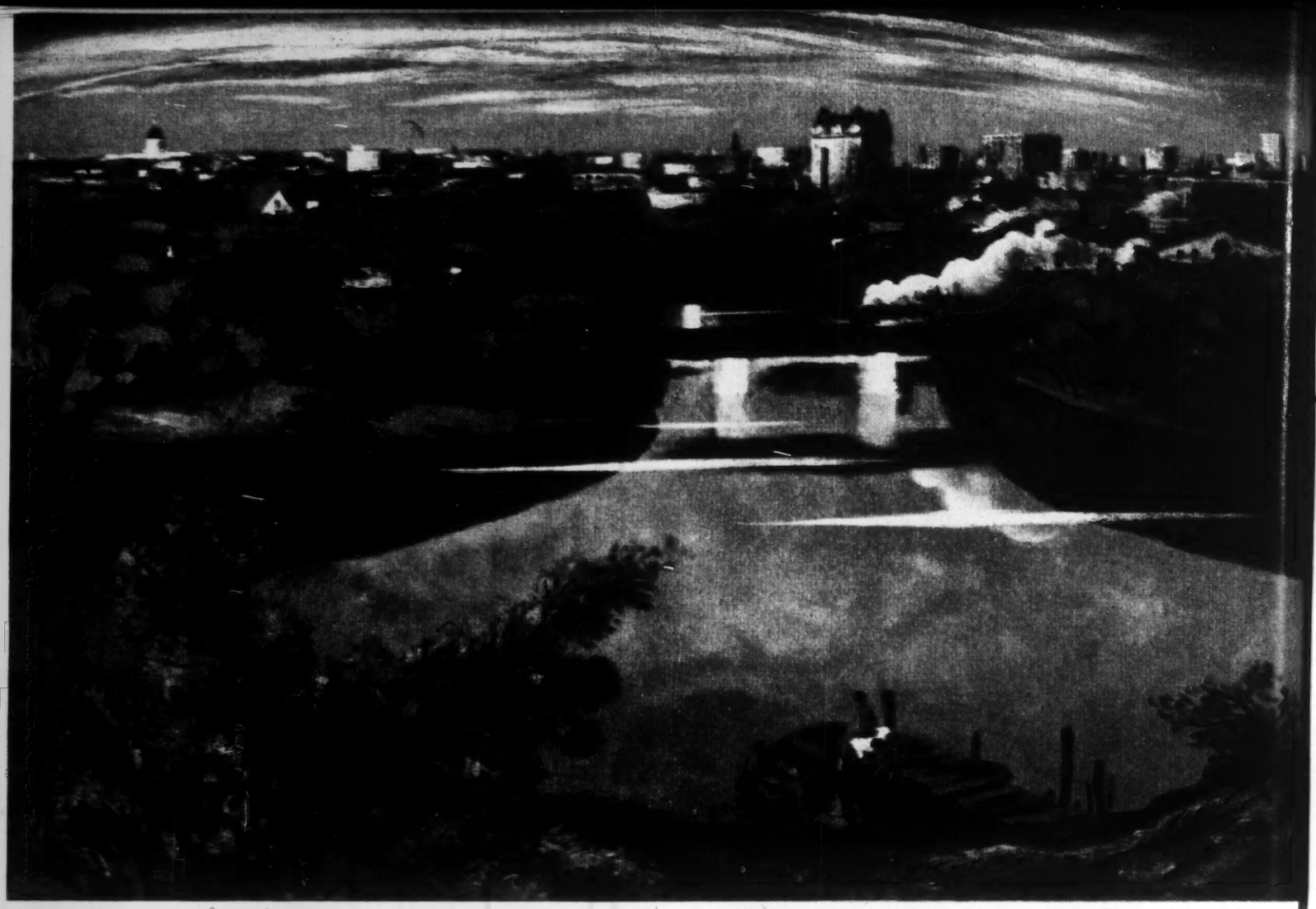
The Front Page

There is no doubt that the maddest war in history was World War II. It was the biggest in every way—in areas of combat, size of armies, destructiveness, everything; fought as a war of liberation, it brought enslavement instead of freedom to millions of people; it spawned both the United Nations and the costliest arms race ever known; and less than nine years after it ended, the nation that started it and went down to defeat in a welter of shattered battalions and smoking cities was being asked by the victors to consume more goods at home in order to cut down the amount available for export.

That was the strange request made to West Germany a couple of weeks ago by the Organization for European Economic Co-operation: to try to reach a less favorable balance of trade by using more home-made products and by importing more from other countries in the West. German production has increased at such a rate that it has been spilling goods into the markets of the world at an ever-growing pace, pushing past other competitors, building up a credit of $750 million with the European Payments Union and bringing gold and dollar holdings to more than

Bill Barrett

NORA KEELING: Shaw in the schools (Page 4)



Winnipeg, painted for the Seagram Collection by William Winter, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

THE Seagram COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

builds world-wide goodwill for Canada

Spanning three great continents the International Tour of the Seagram Collection of Paintings of Canadian Cities is telling Canada's story of achievement as it never has been told before—interpreting our country to the peoples of other lands in the graphic idiom of a language always and universally understood.

And everywhere this airborne art gallery has been shown the response has surpassed the most optimistic hopes held by The House of Seagram when it commissioned the painting of 52 portraits of Canadian cities by distinguished Canadian artists and planned to send the canvases on their 30,000-mile goodwill flight. Already more than 100,000 persons have studied the paintings and carried home brochures reproducing in full colour the paintings of the 22 Canadian cities.

More important, these new foreign friends have carried away vivid personal impressions of Canada as a great and growing country—a land of tremendous natural and industrial resources and remarkable human resourcefulness.

WILLIAM A. WINTER, A.R.C.A., O.S.A. Born and trained in Winnipeg; twice winner of J. W. L. Forster Award. President Canadian Society of Painters in Water-colour, 1946-1948. Member of Ontario Society of Artists, and of the Canadian Group of Painters, he likes to paint "racetracks, circuses and...children."

The House of Seagram

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Bill Barratt

NORA KEELING: Shaw in the schools (Page 4)

The ultimate in beauty

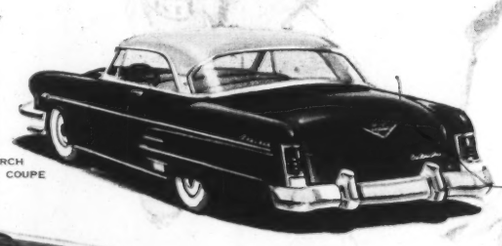
1954 Monarch Lucerne

COMPLETELY POWERED
FOR THE ULTIMATE IN DRIVING EASE

Now . . . Monarch presents the most fabulously beautiful cars of the years . . . the magnificent Monarch Lucerne models—utterly contemporary in design, gracious and luxurious in every appointment, and powered through and through with all the fine-car features that make today's driving utterly relaxed and effortless. With a completely new 161-Hp. overhead-valve V-8 engine and the new ride-control system of Ball-Joint Suspension, Monarch puts a whole new world of power at your command!

Where a fine car matters **Monarch** *belongs*

MONARCH LUCERNE CONVERTIBLE

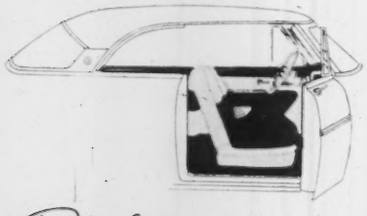


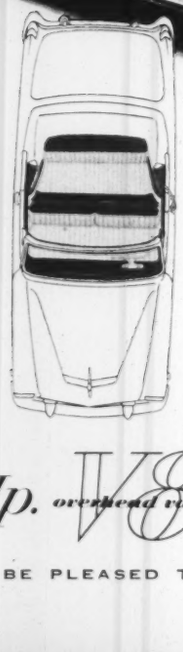
MONARCH LUCERNE COUPE

MONARCH LUCERNE SUN VALLEY . . . the new fine-car sensation with the transparent dome of tinted plexiglass.

STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL INTERIORS IN MONARCH LUCERNE MODELS

Distinguished quality, beauty and elegance are immediately apparent in Monarch Lucerne interiors, planned and colour-keyed to complement exterior tones. Upholstery fabrics include smooth vinyls, modern weaves, durable nylon and fine leathers.





Special features of the Monarch Lucerne Models include Power Steering, Power Brakes, Power Seat and Automatic Transmission . . . and Power Window Lifts on the Lucerne Convertible.

MONARCH LUCERNE SEDAN

Ride like a King in a

1954 Monarch *161-Hp. overhead valve V-8*

YOUR MONARCH DEALER WILL BE PLEASED TO ARRANGE A DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

$1,000 million. The Economic Co-operation authorities find this an embarrassing situation indeed, especially with Britain and France running deficits with the Payments Union, and suggest that the Germans should spend more on themselves to bring things back into better balance.

How have the Germans been able to make such a fantastic recovery? Hard work and austere living have had a lot to do with it, but defeat has had a great deal more. Germany, whose soldiers had goose-stepped across Europe twice in a quarter-century, was to be stripped of her power to make war—and, free of military costs, Germany went to work. Theodore H. White tells about it in his book, *Fire in the Ashes*: "Other nations, being free and responsible, bore the burdens of defence; Germany, being conquered, paid only occupation costs. France, with an economic strength half that of Germany, pays $4 billion a year to support the armies of the West. But Germany pays less than $2 billion in Occupation costs, and, at that fee, is defended by alien troops who make no call on her young manpower. More than 10 per cent of England's national product goes into her defence effort and most of this comes from engineering industries which are Britain's chief export earners. But no German production goes into arms; all of it is shaped into civilian wares."

There is another obvious solution to the embarrassment that German riches are causing Western Europe: to have the West Germans begin carrying some of the load of defence. The British and the Americans think this is a grand idea, and the Germans themselves are quite agreeable; but the prospect of a rearmed Germany gives the shudders to France and some of the smaller countries. And while they haggle, Germany grows steadily stronger as an economic, instead of a military, antagonist.

Pasadena Memory

A FRIEND of ours who was in California over the New Year's holiday has just returned with a good tan and fair number of tales about the Tournament of Roses and the Rose Bowl football game. His most precious memory, however, is of a sign in a restaurant in Pasadena, which solemnly proclaimed: "If you think our waitresses are uncivil, you should see the manager."

Maker of Violins

WHEN WE HEARD that at least three members of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra were using violins made in the city by a railwayman named Edwin Dyer, we hurried to make an appointment with Mr. Dyer. We met him at his home, on his day off from his job at Union Station where, for 38 years, he has worked as a terminal operator, collecting and distributing information on the passage of 150 trains a day.

"If you count only professional musicians, there are five in Toronto and three in Montreal using my violins," he said. "Stephen Kondaks in Montreal is using a viola I made. There are several amateurs using my instruments—about six in Toronto, one in Sault Ste. Marie, two in London, Ontario, and two in Saskatchewan. I've made 28 violins and five violas altogether since I began in 1930, and I think my best work started with the sixteenth or seventeenth instrument. A lot of time and work goes into them—about ten months for each one, and then the varnish takes about six months to dry properly. There are nearly a hundred parts in a hand-made violin, and each part of the base and top has to be ground down very carefully because it has to be so fine. The wood is imported—curly maple from the Carpathians and fir from Bohemia. The wood alone, for a good violin, will cost $100."

We wondered how he got started on such a hobby. "When I was a small boy in Norfolk County," he said, "a neighbor gave me an old fiddle for taking his cow to pasture every day. My brothers broke it when they were fighting. I was heart-broken, but I noticed that the inside of the instrument had been very cleverly fashioned and I determined to try making one myself. I made my first violin in 1915, but it was 1930 before it became a regular hobby. At the beginning of the war I was persuaded to send one of my violins to a New York contest for the best-made violin in America. They ruled out my entry when they learnt I was a Canadian, but I did hear some compliments. I was sufficiently encouraged to enter the instrument in the Canadian Pacific Exhibition at Vancouver, and I got an award. Somebody handed Jascha Heifetz one of my violins before a concert one day, and he was good enough to recommend my work to some of his friends. My name isn't known, of course, but I sign all my instruments on the inside; maybe a couple of centuries will improve the tone beyond all recognition."

A little later, we learnt more about the Heifetz incident from Mr. Kondaks, who said: "I was studying at the Juilliard School. My teacher, Sacha Jacobsen, was judging a competition for modern violins, and he told me that of all the violins that he and Heifetz were testing, Dyer's violin was impressive for its tonal quality and lack of woody or raw sound . . . A great craftsman."

Ashley & Crippen

EDWIN DYER: A couple of centuries may help.

Sudden Execution

STILL ANOTHER man has been shot and killed by a police officer, this time in Windsor, Ontario. According to newspaper reports, the policeman saw four men carrying clothes he believed had been stolen from a car; when he called to the men to stop, they started to run; he chased them and began firing his pistol; a bullet struck and killed one of the men. Once again a policeman had become prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner, and another human being, possibly innocent, had been condemned and put to death.

It is an old story now, this killing of "suspects" by quick-triggered constables — so old that newspapers no longer consider it worth more than a single-column headline over three or four inches of type. It is brutal, it is shameful, it is a disgrace in a society that likes to think of itself as civilized. But it will go on as long as the callous conscience of that society refuses to be shocked by the cheap taking of life.

These shootings cannot be called accidents. When one man points a gun at another and pulls the trigger, it is not chance but a deliberate effort at least to injure the person who is the target. Such an action, in a community at peace, should be unthinkable, inspired only by madness.

It is possible that policemen need to carry guns for their own safety. If police commissions and other experienced governing bodies consider the weapons necessary for such a purpose, all well and good. But it should be made clear, unmistakably and sternly clear, that the guns are to be used only when a life is menaced, and even then only with the greatest discretion. Better that a thousand thieves escape than one life be snuffed out by suspicion. The job of a policeman is to protect society, not use it as a hunting ground; it is his duty to investigate, arrest and lay charges, not to judge and pass sentence. Yet the police officer who fires at a fleeing man is at that moment taking to himself powers beyond the law itself—powers to condemn and execute without trial.

Memorials on the Map

IT'S GOOD NEWS that Alberta's Geographic Board has decided to name two lakes after two of Canada's pioneers in aviation, W. R. May and C. H. Dickins. We hope, however, that more than the surnames of the two men will be used. There have been many men named May and Dickins, but there has been only one "Wop," only one "Punch" and they should be so remembered, these men who blazed the trails in the air over bush and barrens. Let the names on the maps, then, be Wop May Lake and Punch Dickins Lake.

The New Calendars

THE TIME has come for our annual report on the new calendars received by this office, a less enjoyable task this year because of the disappointing quality of most of the calendars reaching us. The producers have gone in heavily for artistic clichés.

The first three industrial calendars we got are almost identical with those of last year. The Dorr Co. product is illustrated with such photographs as "Continuous Recausticizing in Canada"; Poole Construction Co. again used a reproduction of a painting of wild ducks, this time "Hunter's Dream," by Richard E. Bishop; Massey-Harris-Ferguson used fewer photographs of farm implements, but the calendar is noteworthy because of the addition of the Ferguson name.

Northern Electric has put out a calendar for home use containing more household hints than we've ever seen before. Canadian General Electric's large wall calendar has clean, easily-read dates, and carries detailed pictures in color of such bits of Canadiana as linemen repairing wires in a blizzard, a television show and loggers on a river.

Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum

The Front Page

has used one of the most attractive illustrations, Krieghoff's "Homeward Bound in a Snowstorm." British Overseas Airways Corporation has a very large calendar, with the months running two-by-two; each fold is illustrated with reproductions of travel scenes familiar to the point of platitude.

There's no nonsense about the Bank of Montreal's calendar, which is plain and easy to read. The Hudson's Bay Co. has used a picture by J. S. Hallam, RCA, "Distributor at Fort Norman, 1942," but it is not as good an effort as last year's. Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Co. has a painting of a Canada Goose, and what it lacks in originality it makes up in size. The Great-West Life Assurance Co. is represented by both a home and an office calendar, the home job being divided into three parts of four months each, showing pictures of children with dogs, and the office production using another old standby of calendar artists, mallards landing on a lake.

Easily the best of the lot are the desk calendar of the Union of South Africa and the wall calendar of Brown Boveri, printed in Switzerland. The latter particularly is an excellent job, with clean typography and sparkling color photographs of Swiss scenes.

Behind the Screens

BEFORE Queen Elizabeth visited Fiji, the roads of Suva were resurfaced and bamboo screens were put up to hide the dingier parts of the town. It is an old trick, of course, this hiding of unpleasant things from the eyes of a monarch. History records it being done in century after century—but bureaucrats are not the ones to let go of a handy gag, no matter how antiquated or cynical. Still, we don't think Her Majesty would appreciate being hoodwinked, as she is wise enough and interested enough to want to know how her subjects really live behind those bamboo screens.

Swiss Movements

A LARGE MAN named John Badger visited us the other day and proceeded to unwrap a tiny bit of metal about the size of an under-nourished comma. Mr. Badger, it transpired, is the Canadian representative of The Watchmakers of Switzerland, an organization representing 750 Swiss watch-making firms, and the bit of metal was a screw from a watch.

"One of these steel screws," he said, "has a diameter of 18-thousandths of an inch. It has the regular slot for a screwdriver. It is nickel-plated for protection. And an ordinary sewing thimble would hold 20,000 of them. Many of them are used for mounting jewels. A good watch has jewels because there is nothing else that can stand up as well under the nearly half a million shocks a day—five per second—which are part of the motion of the timepiece. But it isn't the cost of the jewels that makes the difference in prices. What counts is craftsmanship. For example, our industry can transform about $5 worth of fine steel into about $50,000 worth of hairsprings. What does it, of course, is the infinite patience and skill of the craftsman."

He produced a gaily-colored plastic chart from a leather brief case. "I'm not going to bore you with a technical explanation," he said. "But you'll see what a wonderfully intricate piece of work a good watch really is. There are at least 150 different parts, and every one of them must be perfect. Watchmaking is Switzerland's second largest industry, you know, and our organization has long believed that what's good for the industry is good for the country, and vice versa. We talk to hundreds of jewellers every year to keep an eye on tastes (Canadian women are going in for more novelty and jewellery-type pieces, by the way) and on the standards of our member firms. I've been connected with the Watchmakers for about a year and I still haven't got over my admiration of the way a craftsman packs so much into so little space. I find it difficult enough to pack my wife, daughter, cat, dog and self into a fair-sized bungalow just outside Montreal. I served in the RCAF, edited a weekly paper for the Air Force overseas, and went back into advertising and public relations after the war. I dislike square dancing and like reading—politics, economics and Pogo. And I'm crazy about watches, of course."

He looked at his own, then grabbed his hat. "No time left," he said. "Got to catch a train for Montreal."

JOHN BADGER (left) with Montreal importer, Wilfrid Thériault.

The Breakfast Egg

PAUL MAHER, a young man from Newfoundland, told an English audience the other day he had observed that in England it was not what you ate but how you ate it that mattered. "An Englishman coping with a breakfast egg," he said, "taps the top, wearing an expression of a man about to open some excellent translation of the Greek." What Mr. Maher has yet to discover is that the poetic restraint of the Englishman at the table has been bred into him by generations of English cooks. Several centuries of soggy cabbage can build up a lot of restraint. It is true, however, that the Englishman is at his best when handling the boiled egg at breakfast; there is a fine deliberation, a clean precision about the ceremony that gives the first meal of the day its proper dignity. The Canadian, on the other hand, has no respect for the breakfast egg (a fact that may account for the high percentage of Canadians in mental hospitals), but attacks it with the same unaesthetic vigor that he displays in cleaning a grease-gun or scooping out a post-hole. An egg, after all, is a pretty fine bit of work, and breakfast is a solemn occasion; when the two come together, they deserve respect.

Community Theatre

LITTLE THEATRE at its best is a sturdy growth within a community, rooted in that community's desire for some sort of creative expression. Just how lusty the growth can be has been demonstrated vividly during the post-war years by the London (Ont.) Little Theatre, which has its own auditorium, has won a Dominion Drama Festival award (1948) and gives scholarships to particularly promising players to enable them to study in England or the United States. How it fits into the life of its community is being shown this week, with hundreds of high school students in London and the surrounding district attending a special performance of Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. The play is on the school curriculum for compulsory study; it is also being staged by the Little Theatre from January 20 to January 30.

The role of Raina in *Arms and the Man* is being played by Nora Keeling, a 20-year-old sophomore at the University of Western Ontario, who is majoring in French and German but who hopes to make a career of the theatre. She took the first steps toward that career in her native Owen Sound, where she played in a collegiate production of *The Heiress*. In her freshman year, she appeared as Violet in *Man and Superman*, put on by the University Players' Guild, then had three roles last summer with the Circle Theatre, formed by a group from the Players' Guild who wanted to do some theatre work during the holidays.

This is not the first time that the London Little Theatre has given extra performances for groups of students. *Saint Joan*, which won the Dominion award for London in 1948, was put on for the University, and special performances of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *As You Like It* have been given for high school students. The group hopes to make an annual event of producing the play selected for compulsory reading in the London and district secondary schools, with the profits from the productions to be put into the London Little Theatre Scholarship Fund. It is an excellent project, with benefits for the whole community.

Christmas Postscript

THE FLAP caused by a clergyman's blast against a radio parody of *A Christmas Carol* seems to have died down now, and a good thing too. The criticism had nothing to do with the quality of the parody itself but apparently was based on the argument that the mere idea of having fun with Dickens's story was a desecration of Christmas—a rather quaint elevation of a sticky bit of fiction to the status of Scripture.

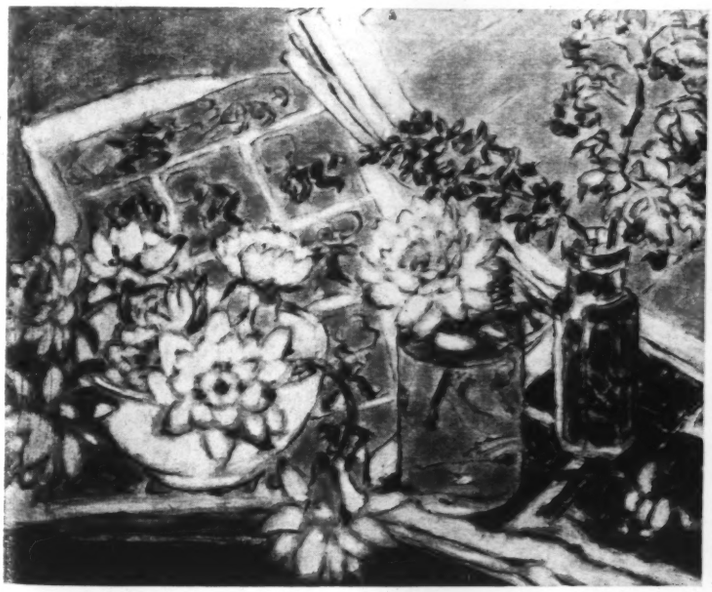
It had been a notion of ours for some years to start a society for the suppression of *A Christmas Carol*, but obviously to do that now would be to invite immediate condemnation to the lower levels of Purgatory. We would still like to make a deal, though: an assurance to the clergyman that we'll try to discourage any attempt to steal his Dickensian sweetmeat in return for his promise to persuade those of his colleagues who preach only in the most sepulchral tones that the Christian religion isn't really a thing of sorrow and hopelessness but of such power and glory that it should always be like a joyful song on the lips of men.

If there ever was an occasion for great rejoicing it is the anniversary of such a tremendous occasion as the birth of the Saviour, but to listen to the way some preachers manage to take all the wonderful glow out of the telling of the event in the Gospels, one would think that it was all a matter for glum apology. The worst desecration of the great religious occasions, to our mind, is committed by the journeymen of the pulpit who recite the pure poetry of Scripture in voices so heavily loaded with boredom, dullness and spurious solemnity that it is obvious they are taking no joy in their work.

The Vision of David Milne

THE DEATH of David Milne early this month brought an end to the work of a rare artist. Born on a farm in Bruce County, Ontario, in 1882, Milne devoted half a century to recording the tranquil moods of nature. He won the support of a perceptive group, but wider general recognition of his work is yet to come. One of Milne's most enthusiastic admirers is industrialist, J. S. MacLean, who owns the original of "Autumn Trees" (reproduced above) and has been acquiring the artist's works for the past 20 years. This early (1917) watercolor was painted in the Berkshires after Milne had studied at Manhattan's Art Students' League. In 1913, five of Milne's paintings were included in the explosive "Armory Show" which introduced modern art to America. The artist lived in New York City until 1915, when he moved to Boston Corner in the Adirondacks.

Milne's watercolors and oils were gaining recognition in the United States when the First World War began. After serving as a private overseas, Milne was commissioned to paint the devastation of battle for Canada's Official War Records. The 107 watercolors which he did in Belgium and France are now in Ottawa. With peace, Milne returned again to northern New York State, where he painted the canvas "River Valley" in 1928. "River Valley" belongs to His Excellency, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada. The Massey collection of Milnes is the largest in existence, including many scores of oils and watercolors. Milne portrayed the earth at rest. His art is one of consummate selection and precise economy, and his summary, calligraphic style of painting remains uniquely his own.



In 1928, Milne returned to Canada to live. In the late summer of that year he painted "Water Lilies, Temagami", now in the Hart House Collection. Milne lived the next 25 years of his life mainly on the shores of Ontario's lakes and in the province's small villages. From 1932 to 1939 he lived and worked in a tar-paper shack on the Severn River. There, he studied and recorded the changing face of the seasons. He absorbed beauty from whatever was about him and looked upon his world with a tender sensibility. Many things served to move him to paint. Almost anything might capture his fancy: a coal oil lamp, a clump of fallen leaves, a stuffed rag doll or the homes in a village. Milne had a deep attachment to the *minutiae* of nature which are so readily missed by the passing crowd. However, he did not ignore the human element, and many of his pictures incorporate working people or children in their composition. Milne also had an uncommon appreciation of fantasy. He sometimes turned his talents to doing light-hearted versions of religious themes. His watercolor of "Snow In Bethlehem," in the collection of the Art Gallery of Toronto, is already on the way to becoming a Canadian classic.

The Bible was a fond source. Among his other Biblical themes were "St. Francis and the Animals," "Noah and the Ark," "The Ascension" and "Jonah". His last painting was of Adam and Eve on a picnic with the Serpent in the Garden. In 1939, Milne spent a year in Toronto. During that year, his subjects were brewers' warehouses, grain elevators, churches, coal piles and the city's waterfront. "Stars Over Bay Street" (above) was painted as a result of that visit. It is from the collection of Douglas Duncan, a very close friend of Milne. Duncan has photographed most of Milne's work with a Boswell-like fidelity. A patient perfectionist, Milne did careful pencil sketches of the information booth in Toronto's Union Station before incorporating it into one of his paintings. He did as many as 40 versions of a single subject. His drypoint etchings were executed with the same concern for apt detail and style. Color etchings by Milne are in most major galleries. The etched line on copper plate proved as fitting to his talents as brush on paper or canvas. David Milne won for himself a secure place in Canadian art history and no Canadian collection can pretend to be complete without the inclusion of his work.

PAUL DUVAL

SIMPSON'S HOMEMAKERS' Show

★ More and More in '54!

★ Exhibits for Everyone!

★ Five Action-Packed Floors!

★ Contests! Quizzes! Prizes!

FIVE FLOORS teeming with interesting exhibits . . . with all the newest home furnishings, all the latest homemaking methods . . . with work, hobbies, food 'n fun for everyone in the whole family! Hurry down . . . come early and spend a full day seeing each and every feature in our exciting

SEVENTH ANNUAL HOMEMAKERS' SHOW, JANUARY 14 TO 27

Don't miss the Victorian dinner setting planned by Saturday Night's book editor, Robertson Davies. See it in "It's A Man's Dish", Sixth Floor, where you'll find settings built around the favorite menus and recipes of six famous male gourmets.

Home Furnishing Floors 4, 5, 6 . . . Also on the 2nd and on Simpson's Famous Budget Floor

Rubber and the World Tomorrow

By IRA G. NEEDLES

MODERN ACHIEVEMENTS of the rubber industry have made a vital contribution to this era of progress and prosperity. Intensive research radically changed existing products, broad new horizons have been created, and man has further harnessed the mighty power of nature in the creation of new materials. Many of our dreams of a few years ago have become sharp reality. At this moment, the rubber industry is entering another Age of Accomplishment which is unlimited in scope and bright with promise.

The future possibilities of rubber and rubber derivatives are intensely dramatic. Some of these potentials exist only as dreams, but the achievements of this inventive age have forced all industries to treat dreams with respect.

In just a few years, we may see a jet - powered automobile travelling along a rubber highway. The car might be equipped with tubeless tires with sidewalls colored to match the body finish. Instead of metal, the car may be built of steel-tough plastic, the material which is the lusty, booming offspring of rubber research. Rubber will be used in a hundred ways in building your car of the future, just as in your present automobile it is used in some 200 parts, sponge-like seats, windshield sealing strips, engine mounts, shock absorbers, gaskets and grommets, fender guards, body shims and so on.

Rubber in the cars of tomorrow will probably be used even more extensively. The rubber of tomorrow will also possess properties which now exist only in the minds of scientists. Continuing our journey into the realm of possibility, we may see an enclosed structure, similar to a giant pipe, beside all railroad tracks. This is a "beltroad," a series of conveyor belts for moving bulk freight. Instead of "pounding the pavement" in the world of tomorrow, you will travel on a moving rubber sidewalk in congested areas such as department stores, railway stations and city streets.

These dramatic developments are not mere doodles on a drawing board. The world's first moving rubber sidewalk is in actual operation at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. It is my belief that rubber sidewalks, coupled with escalators, will be a safe, efficient method of transporting large numbers of people over relatively short distances in exceptionally crowded areas. Indoor moving sidewalks may eventually be used in the congested urban centres of Montreal or Toronto.

A mixture of asphalt and rubber in highways is presently under long range tests in several countries of the world, including Canada. While it is still too early to determine definite results from the test strips, researchers have every confidence that rubber will play an important part in constructing highways of the future.

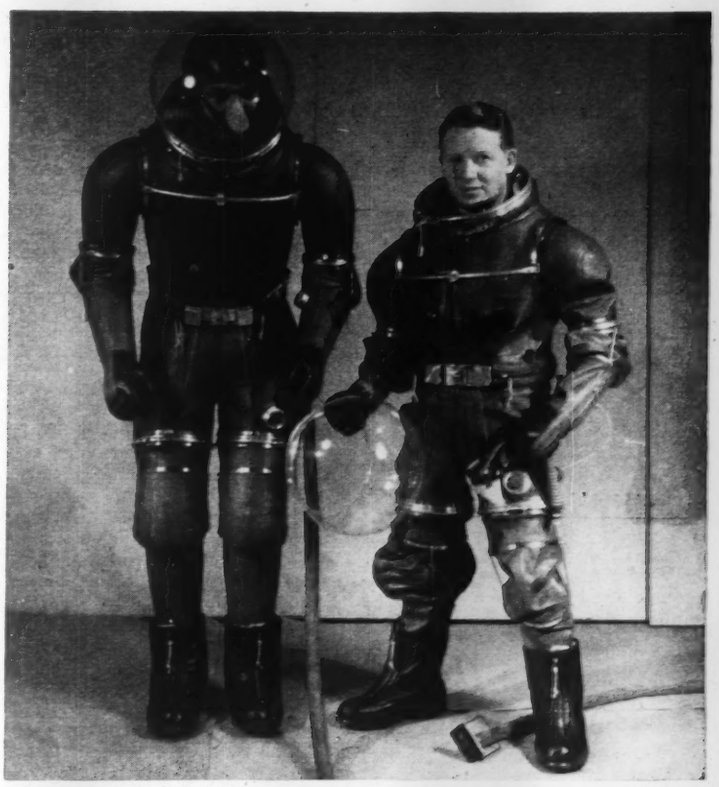
Engineers have been working on a series of beltroads which could run on the railroad right-of-way and may eventually be used for transporting all types of bulk goods such as ore, limestone and coal. Beltroads may replace short railroads in some cases where economy of shipment is a prime requisite.

These remarkable developments of the future have only been made possible by intensive research today. The rubber industry of the world spends millions each year to advance further our technical achievements.

Modern miracles of science and research have greatly improved methods of producing synthetic rubber. It has long been a well known principle that synthetic rubber could be produced more rapidly at higher temperatures while low temperature production resulted in a stronger, tougher product. It was discovered, just before World War II, that a rubber with improved qualities could be produced at low temperatures, by methods resulting in much faster production. The result of this new method was labelled "cold rubber".

Just this year, our company (Goodrich) in the United States announced that an even more satisfactory method of making cold rubber had been achieved. Still in the pilot plant stage, this newer method produces cold rubber 50 times faster than the current system.

IRA G. NEEDLES is President of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company.



"THE FUTURE possibilities of rubber are dramatic . . . An actual space suit has been made of rubber for flights to outer space."

As a direct result of this discovery, a question exists as to the possible obsolescence of existing facilities. The new process makes rubber in stainless steel pipes instead of in expensive pressure vessels. The same production capacity is possible with a $3 million plant of the new type as compared to a $10 million plant utilizing pressure vessels.

Today if we are asked to name a rubber product, the first answer that enters the mind is a tire. The tire has certainly revolutionized the automotive age. The first automobile tire, a single tube affair, was sold in the United States in 1896. In the same year, the first tire with casing and inner tube was produced. The successful development of this pneumatic tire was instrumental in "putting the world on wheels". The tubeless tire, the first major advancement since the pneumatic tire, was released to the public just a few years ago. Originally designed for passenger cars, it has been adapted to trucks, certain farm implements and airplanes. The tubeless tire has many unique qualities which have made it highly popular with the motoring public. It is resistant to punctures and blow-outs and provides better traction with an advanced tread design. Soaring sales figures indicate the universal acceptance of the tire in the consumer market. Here in Canada, production of tubeless tires has more than tripled since the tires were first introduced to this country in 1952. Tubeless tires will almost certainly be supplied as optional original equipment on some automobile makes next year.

The modern story of the tubeless tire is simply further proof of the rubber industry's rapid progress in producing better products and developing new ones. The vast new airplane industry of the past decade has presented a challenge to the rubber industry for new products which must function under the most extreme natural conditions. Flights into the upper atmosphere would not be possible without rubber airplane de-icers. These inflatable strips are attached to leading edges of wing and tail assemblies as well as to propellers to break the ice as it forms.

Rubber hoses in jet aircraft are the vital arteries which carry hydraulic fluid for the operation of the airplane. Virtually all the controls of the jet plane are dependent on rubber hose. Rubber is used in airplane brake systems, for tires, for airplane propellers and in puncture-proof gas tanks. A new rubber product, an inflatable canopy seal, will be used in pressurizing jet plane cockpits, allowing aircraft to fly higher than ever before. An actual space suit has been made of rubber for flights into outer space.

RUBBER products enter into every industry and every phase of modern man's development. Even in the venerable fishing industry, rubber hose is being used today to unload tons of sardines and small herrings, replacing outdated nets and cranes. A giant suction hose is placed in the hold of the ship and special pumps transport the fish in record-breaking time.

Rubber products are used with increasing importance on the farms of our nation. In addition to specially designed tires for tractors and im-

plements, rubber is used in hoses, belts and in moulded form. Liquid petroleum is fast becoming a major source of heat in farm areas and the petroleum is pumped through rubber hose.

One of the latest developments on the farm is the use of liquid ammonia as a fertilizer. The ammonia is kept in a liquid state by high pressure and is pumped through a high pressure rubber hose. The end of the hose has a special attachment which releases the liquid below the surface of the soil where it vaporizes at atmospheric pressure and fertilizes large areas by permeating the ground.

As Canadians, we are all conscious of the tremendous natural development projects that are taking place throughout the length and breadth of this nation, such as Kitimat, Kemano, Gaspé Copper. The breath-taking Steeprock iron ore project necessitated the removal of an entire lake before the rich ore body could be tapped. It was not feasible to drain the lake, so it was pumped dry by large rubber hoses. Without rubber conveyor belts, it would be impractical to recover much of the ore being mined from the depths. These conveyor belts are abrasive resistant and designed to operate under the most extreme operating conditions. A vinyl-coated belt in coal mines will not burn unless a direct flame is constantly applied. Belts for carrying hot materials are used in foundries, cement plants and so on. The walls of the modern tunnel or mine may be made by spraying concrete through rubber hoses. There is a belt or a hose for every operation of industry where these products are required. The vast majority are specifically designed for a particular job. For example, the rubber industry produced a white, tasteless, odorless belt for the handling of food products. This conveyor is used widely in canneries, food manufacturing plants and packing houses. One of the newest projects in the large belt section of our industry has been the successful production of a package conveyor belt which snaps parcels up inclines as steep as 45 degress. This has meant a great saving in space for warehouses and storage centres.

In medicine and construction, in oil drilling and footwear, rubber is an integral part of our modern economy. The list of examples is endless. Every day, our researchers and scientists tackle new fields for the rubber potential.

The immediate and distant outlooks of the industry are filled with promise. Not only are more passenger cars being produced and more vehicles sold, but the average car owner is driving his vehicle more miles with each succeeding year. The large number of service stations presently being erected supports this noticeable trend. This simply means that more vehicles travelling more miles means more replacement tire sales. All indications point to the increased consumer demand of the next decade exceeding the present capacities of the Canadian rubber industry.

The activity of the Canadian industry is geared to a definite place in Canada's expanding economy. However, we will need additional capital to assure a healthy economic climate. The savings of individuals and businesses must be turned back into industry and development, if we are to realize all of the opportunities which are before us. Both public and private investments are expected to hit a new high, exceeding even the record-breaking estimate for this year. This is a highly encouraging trend which deserves governmental support. Taxes on durable goods and services, for example, should be eased to maintain our current sales volumes and employment.

Creative enterprise is the only way of life which guarantees our cherished freedoms and high standards of living. We in the rubber industry, which has yet to reach an economic peak, are looking to great achievements in the next few years. We will be satisfied if we are able to help set the pace of the throbbing growth tempo of our Canada.

•

"We hope to be able to build up images on tubes of a television nature and then photograph them. It will take us into the infra-red regions of the university — beyond the visible." — *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

But what doesn't these days?

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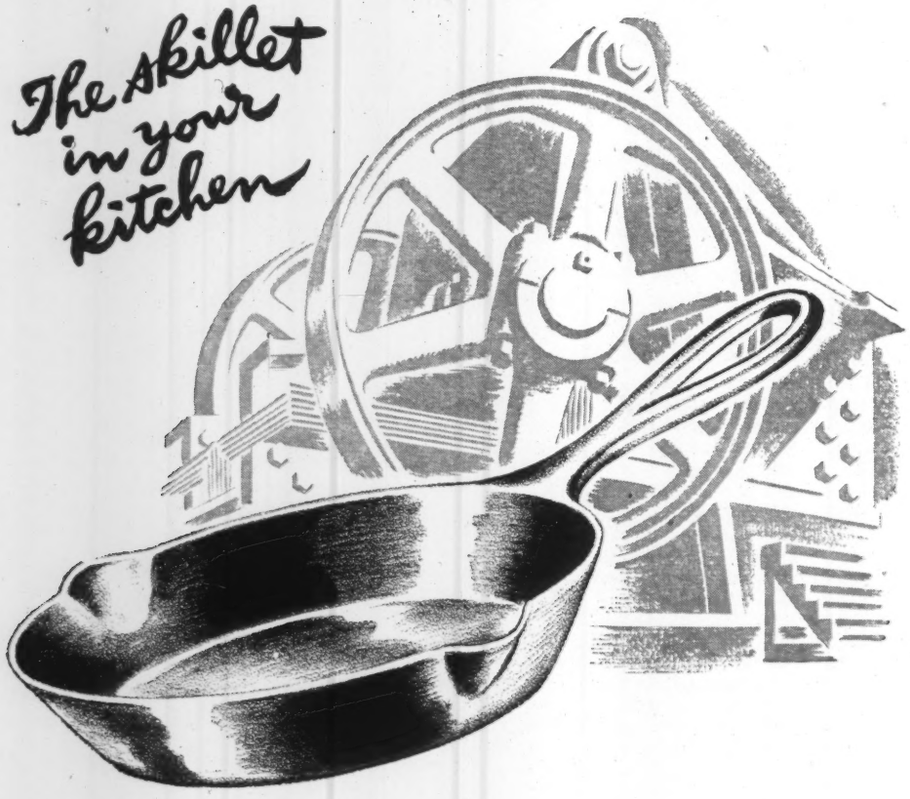

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IF INDUSTRY NEEDS IT...CANADIAN VICKERS BUILDS IT...BETTER

Television

It Ain't Funny, McGee!

IF TELEVISION has succeeded in emptying the movie houses and pool parlors, as its detractors the movie magnates and pool-room operators claim it has, the reason lies almost wholly in a dozen or more comedians. These aristocrats of the TV screen almost hog the first ten positions in the popularity polls, and are the highest-paid members of the industry. Their antics are carried into over 28 million American and over a quarter of a million Canadian homes every day of the week, and, "Oh, you're a *good* group!" has replaced the Dragnet overture among the bubble-gum set during the last few weeks.

No matter what your taste in humor, there is at least one TV comic who can tickle your funny bone, and if there isn't you may as well turn in your television set and buy a set of bar-bells or Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf. One man's meat is another's *poisson*, in comedy as in anything else, and the old curmudgeon who snorts with fury at the slapstick of Red Skelton may roll around the living room floor holding his floating rib while he watches Wally Cox play "Mr. Peepers".

The jester has always been part and parcel of civilization. There was a time not so long ago when crowds of our ancestors roared with laughter at the sight of people being burned at the stake or hanged from gibbets, and within the memory of people still young we thought that, "Wanna buy a duck!" and "Monkeys is the cwaziest people!" were the most hilarious phrases in the English language. We no longer breed deformed and mentally deficient monsters for laughs, as our forefathers used to do, and we are past the stage where inflicted pain makes a Roman holiday for the yokels on the village green. With the exception of slapstick (whether it be a court jester with a bladder on a stick or Ted Healy slapping his Three Stooges) our tastes in comedy have changed more from generation to generation than anything else. The latest overall change came with the invention and distribution of an intricate electronic box called a television set.

The advent of widespread television started a gold-rush of talent from the lush field of radio to the even lusher field of TV, and swept along on the tide were several aging comics who owed their latter-day livelihood to iron-bound contracts signed before they lost their laugh appeal. Among this motley crew were Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen and Jack Benny, supported by such second stringers as Bob Hope, Red Skelton and Milton Berle and by vaudeville or stage characters like George Jessel and Bert Lahr. How have they fared in their new medium?

Eddie Cantor is a dismal flop whose former comic talents were dissipated in the days of Flo Ziegfeld, and who has replaced them with a cloying sentimentality that is passé today even on Second Avenue. Fred Allen has slipped from his former top shelf to a chair as a quiz program MC, and not a very good one at that. Jack Benny holds on to some of his audience through nostalgia, and occasionally comes through with a fine performance as he did when his guest was Johnny Ray. Usually, however, his pseudo-suavity is reminiscent of the unconscious humor of a pre-pension floorwalker.

The second stringers have done much better. I cannot report on Bert Lahr for I have not seen him on TV, but Skelton, Berle and Hope earn their ratings and their fee. These three represent three distinct forms of comedy. Red Skelton is a reincarnation of every comic who ever threw a pie, from Snub Pollard and Buster Keaton to Wheeler and Wolsley and the Keystone Cops. He works hard at his job,

Universal

JIMMY DURANTE: A natural jester.

and his brand of slapstick is the most durable of all comedy. Milton Berle used to call himself "Mr. Television," a title he could claim only through default. His rating has slipped somewhat lately, but he has bolstered his program with guest talent which succeeds in holding him near the top. Bob Hope represents the patter type of comedian, and his machine-gun delivery of gags (aided by that boon to TV performers, the teleprompter) appeals to that part of his audience which reads with its lips. George Jessel, like Cantor, has had the course.

By far the best of the oldtimers, who is as funny today as he was thirty years ago, is an appealing little guy with a big nose, Jimmy Durante. Although he never quite succeeded in mastering radio, he fills his spot on the Colgate Comedy Hour every fifth week very well. If I were capable of analyzing his appeal I would say that it came from his enthusiasm, lack of pretension, and a genuine liking for his trade, perhaps the three basic necessities of a jester.

A mainstay of the soap, cigarette and household appliance advertising accounts is the family-type, or situation, comedy. The props needed for this are a husband and wife, a couple of house interior scenes, and a daffy neighbor or two. In some cases, such as "The Life of Riley" starring William Bendix, the husband is the family moron, while in others, "I Love Lucy," "I Married Joan" and the Burns and Allen show, the wife is the one who has evaded the net. There are too many of these programs to review at this time, but there is a psychological moral to this, which we'll leave to a later date.

Among the comediennes, other than Joan Davis, Gracie Allen, Lucille Ball, Eve Arden, Marie Wilson, and numerous others who gallivant around in the type of situation comedies mentioned above, the two at the top of their class are Imogene Coca and Martha Raye. Martha Raye, giving off the same type of physical fireworks as Red Skelton, works very hard at being funny, and succeeds to a remarkable extent, considering the fact that she is generally in a guest spot where her talents are held in check by the top-billed principal. Many of the television comediennes are good for a snicker, but there isn't a Beatrice Lillie belly-laugh in the bunch.

The one who comes closest to it, as far as I am concerned, is a little girl called Imogene Coca who, teamed with a wonderful comic named Sid Caesar, has me guffawing every Saturday evening between 9.00 and 10.00 p.m. These two, along with Jackie Gleason and his "second banana" Art Carney, and a quiet, lovable little schoolteacher named "Mr. Peepers," played by Wally Cox, are the outstanding comics who appeared along with television. Their comedy has not been blunted by the changeover from another medium, whether it be the stage, nightclubs, movies or radio, and it is as comfortable-looking on a TV screen as Charlie Chaplin's shoes or Marie Dressler's old sweater-coat.

The big networks are running schools for comics, with which to assuage the gaping maw of a medium that eats up comedians and comedy situations with an appetite like Jack-the-Giant-Killer's Giant, and over the next year or so perhaps the Cantors and Jessels will have been put out to pasture to make way for comedians who are funny. Strangely enough, a harbinger of things to come occurred a few weeks ago while Eddie Cantor was crying in his beer on the Colgate Comedy Hour. A young man walked onto the stage in a business suit, took a nonchalant stance before a backdrop and began talking about some trouble he had had with a lost bowling ball. Without change of expression or use of histrionics his monologue built up and up into one of the funniest things I have ever heard. This young man's name is George Gobel, and if he has his own show next year, and you split your girdle laughing at him, don't say I didn't warn you.

HUGH GARNER

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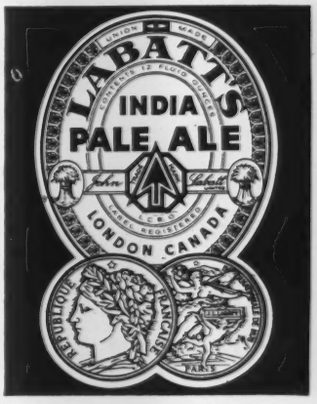

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Lighter Side

Best Dressed Women, Unite!

EVERY YEAR at about this time the New York Dress Institute turns up with its list of the Ten Best Dressed Women. As far as I know, nobody challenges the judges' decision, not even the ladies who are ruthlessly demoted or eliminated. Arbiters and contestants alike play it carefully and close, and the public is left to its own speculations and conclusions.

There are quite a number of points in connection with this annual event that one would like to see cleared up. For instance, how does the Institute make its selections? Has it a staff of trained observers who follow likely candidates through the year, awarding A's for real pearls and wild mink, B's for ranch mink and cultivated pearls, and so on down the list to E's for twisted stocking seams and lapsed shoulder straps? Do the entrants know they are entrants, and how do they feel when they open their morning papers and find they have been promoted or demoted or deplorably scratched?

Left to itself, the general public inevitably draws the wrong conclusions about the contest for the Ten Best Dressed Women. For instance, I assumed for years that only American contestants could qualify. Then the Duchess of Kent appeared on the list, wearing real pearls for the occasion. This seemed to indicate that English entrants could qualify if they could overcome their incorrigible British habit of turning out for formal occasions in shoulder-capes and cart-wheel hats. I went on this theory till this year, when Princess Margaret cracked the list, wearing, of all things, a cart-wheel hat and shoulder cape. Now I don't know what to think.

If the basis of selection isn't national or even strictly sartorial, what is it? Obviously it isn't eye-catching, or Miss Rheingold would make the list annually. So would Zsa Zsa Gabor and Marlene Dietrich.

I have made a rather careful study of this year's Ten Best Dressed and have come to the conclusion that the basic regulation for contestants is that they mustn't under any circumstances have any fun with their clothes. Any sign of exuberant dressing has been rigorously suppressed. There are evidences of gruelling self-discipline, particularly in the matter of costume jewellery. Everything indicates a strict assiduity of design, with as little detail as possible, and a rigid adherence to the terribly expensive and the formidably plain. The contestants have evidently trained hard, and are to be congratulated on their success.

But what about the entrants who fell back on the home stretch, or worse still, didn't even cross the finishing line?

The New York Dress Institute has been in operation now for quite a long time and appears to be a pretty high-handed organization. The chances are that it has made quite a number of enemies among the ladies whom it has first promoted, then arbitrarily retired.

Probably the first impulse of a disqualified contestant is to hurry down for an emergency consultation with Hattie Carnegie. This does no good. Once the Institute has demoted or disqualified an entrant she has no future as one of the Ten Best Dressed. She may be just as well dressed as ever, or even better dressed, but as far as public recognition or the Institute is concerned she might just as well have picked up her wardrobe at a church rummage sale.

The obvious remedy for this situation is to unionize.

The Ten Best Dressed Women of all years should organize, together with all potential contestants in the event, and threaten to strike unless the Institute will agree to negotiate terms. The terms might be as follows:

No Best Dressed Woman to be demoted or disqualified without being given due reason or notification.

All Best Dressed Women of all years to be given a chance at reinstatement.

Immediate establishment of a Best Dressed Women's Equity to take care of such ageing best-dressed ladies as have bankrupted themselves and their families in the annual contest.

Should the Institute refuse to negotiate, the Best Dressed Women's Union could then get down to cases. For example: If the Duchess of Windsor, who tied for tenth place, is not properly reinstated, Mrs. Byron Foy will walk out. Unless Mrs. Harrison Williams is given a reasonable chance of re-entry, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby will break off relations. In the meantime, Institute headquarters will be picketed by Mrs. Harrison Williams, the Duchess of Windsor, Miss Rosalind Russell, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, all wearing their very best clothes.

After that, if the Institute still refuses to come to terms the union members should agree to walk out in a body, leaving the Institute to make out as best it can with a list headed by Miss Rheingold 1954, Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, Miss Universe, and Mrs. Bobo Rockefeller.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Foreign Affairs

Mr. Nehru Doesn't Like the U.S.

IF MR. NEHRU sticks to his position, supporting the Communist demand for the retention of the prisoners in Korea, and calling for a special session of the UN Assembly to decide what to do with them, he is going to be engaged in a most furious argument with the U.S. Government, press and people by the time this is read.

On January 23 the U.S. expects the remaining prisoners in neutral custody to be released, and simply to "walk south" into the arrangements that have been made for their resettlement in South Korea and in Formosa. General Thimayya, the Indian in charge of the custodial force, has long favored this course. But he has been publicly rebuked by Nehru, who informed parliament that India, and not General Thimayya, was chairman of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission.

Nehru said that if the Neutral Commission could not agree, the burden of decision would fall upon India. This quite clearly means that it would fall *on him*, and he is opposed to the release of the prisoners before the endlessly postponed Korean Peace Conference is held. If he clings to this position, there is going to be trouble—and this on top of the considerable ruckus already stirred up between India and the U.S. on the arms-for-Pakistan proposal.

To block the Pakistan plan, Nehru has called on the Congress Party to organize demonstrations all over the country. And he has denounced the proposal in parliament as a "return to colonialism" in Asia, a "breach of the peace front" which would bring the cold war to India's very border, and a disruption of the military balance between India and Pakistan.

The peculiar character of Nehru's conduct of foreign policy, which so annoys the Americans, is delineated by the *Round Table*, the authoritative Commonwealth affairs quarterly, in its latest number. "Most of the talking and almost all of the thinking" on India's foreign affairs, this magazine says, are done by one man, Jawaharlal Nehru. In declining to join any power bloc, it believes he is pursuing an honest and rational policy. And it claims that his processes of thought, while they "may seem too naive to guide the policies of a great state, are gone through without any noticeable awareness of hypocrisy".

The irritation of Indians over Dulles's denial of their right to sit in on the Korean peace conference, which caused such a sharp cooling of Indian-American relations, arose from consternation that anyone should dare to doubt the perfect impartiality of neutral India, the quarterly says. "Indians live with the idea that their international conduct is utterly blameless, completely and transparently disinterested. Since India has no axe to grind, since she is the unsullied champion of all the oppressed, Mr. Nehru's advice should be heeded instantly in Africa, in British Guiana and in the Far East.

"If that advice be rejected as impertinence or interference, or if anyone should ask, as Mr. Dulles did, what India has done to earn the luxury of giving advice that costs her nothing, then the only explanation is imperialist wickedness or personal spite." The attempt to show the Indians that "mere conviction of self-righteousness and moral superiority" does not protect a nation from criticism when it actively intervenes in matters of world importance may, however, appear "too elementary a lesson for a chancery directed by Mr. Nehru."

In plain words, Mr. Nehru and the Americans don't speak the same language, and have difficulty understanding one another. Nehru's whole view of the West is conditioned by his struggle of nearly a lifetime to liberate India from British colonialism. He can only see any new arrangement such as that proposed by the Americans to the Pakistani as a "return of colonialism". The Americans, knowing their record as anti-colonialists, and knowing that Nehru is quite aware that the U.S. was always the chief source of sympathy and support for the Indian independence movement, are infuriated by this kind of talk and inclined to view it as a parroting of the Communist line.

NEHRU is not, of course, following the Communist line. He was attacked within the past year by Mao as a "running-dog of imperialism," and by Vishinsky as a "tool of American designs". Madame Pandit, too, expressed herself very sharply to me, on her last visit to Toronto, on the names the Chinese were calling her.

The Communists know that they can't win Nehru over, and American policy-makers recognize this too. What worries and angers Washington is Nehru's seeming unconcern over any threat of Communist conquest of South-East Asia or menace to India. New Communist air bases in Tibet, on India's northern border, are "only natural in that inhospitable country," he said in December. But any suggestion of American bases in Pakistan—disavowed though it has been by officials of both nations—seems to Nehru "to reverse the process of liberation of Asia".

Any Asian leaders who co-operate with the Americans, he scorns as "puppets"; undoubtedly his attitude towards Bao-Dai, Chiang, Rhee and the Philippine leaders has given a strong support to the Communist line in Asia. But he has no criticism for Mao or Ho as agents of Soviet policy. Here is Washington, desperately trying to shore up the French in Indo-China, until the native national governments can take over, and convinced that a victory here for Communism would endanger all of South-East Asia and bring the threat to India's border, while Nehru seems actually to welcome the triumph of Ho Chi Minh, as a fellow anti-colonialist.

Miller

MADAME PANDIT: She contradicted her brother (Nehru) by telling the Indian parliament she did not believe in any threat from the U.S.

A final frustration for the American policy-makers is Nehru's refusal, up to now, to accept any of the solutions for the Kashmir impasse put forward by UN commissions and accepted by Pakistan, and thus settle this family feud which keeps the two great free nations of this part of the world squared off against each other instead of joining forces against the real enemy of their independence and their institutions, world Communism.

When Washington, deciding that Pakistan is the solidest nation in these parts, seeks a way to strengthen her, not only to defend her own important position flanking weak Iran but *to cover both flanks of India*, it meets this great outcry from Nehru and, apparently, the whole of his people. Communist and non-Communist demonstrations are this time indistinguishable. All the signs read: "Yanks, Go Home!" The outburst reveals more clearly than anything up to now that Hindu India looks upon Moslem Pakistan as its most dangerous enemy; anyone who strengthens Pakistan becomes an enemy of India.

Of course, the American plan to bolster Pakistan, logical as it may have seemed, cannot be pressed at the cost of further alienating India. The fact that India is in process of receiving some $169 million in U.S. technical assistance may have figured in American calculations of the Indian reaction, but apparently has had little actual effect. Indeed, Nehru was able to go almost directly from his denunciation of American "imperialism" in parliament to a ceremony acknowledging the receipt of another large instalment of U.S. aid without seeming to notice the contradiction.

It seems strange that Premier Nehru would not take more account of the views of his famous sister in this vital matter of judging American policy towards India and Asia. Madame Pandit has been Indian Ambassador to the U.S. for several years, and lately President of the UN General Assembly. Also an elected member of the Indian parliament, she contradicted her brother by telling that body she did not believe in U.S. imperialism or a U.S. threat to India.

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Ottawa Letter

Parliamentary Pay and Allowances

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that the problem of increasing the remuneration of members of the Federal Parliament has been occupying the close attention of the Cabinet. Today there are comparatively few rich men in the House of Commons and most of the members maintain that the outlays involved in the performance of their duties absorb most of the present annual indemnity, now fixed at $4,000 plus a tax free allowance of $2,000. But this sum is not the whole story of their remuneration, as they have the benefit of a variety of what might be called perquisites.

They get free transportation anywhere in Canada for themselves and their wives, they are provided with excellent meals in the parliamentary restaurant at prices about half of those charged by the best restaurants in Ottawa—$1 is the charge for dinner and 50 cents for breakfast—and they can get their hair cut for 35 cents. They enjoy free secretarial service, free postage and abundant free supplies of stationery of the best quality. Moreover, if any member elects to stay in the Château Laurier, which is run by the Canadian National Railways, he can secure accommodation at substantially reduced rates and the cost of this privilege falls indirectly upon the taxpayer. The value of these extra perquisites cannot be much less than $1,000 per annum.

In addition, members can now claim a pension after a certain period of service; they make an annual contribution of 6 per cent of their indemnity to the pension fund, but the contribution of the Treasury to it is much larger and therefore their pension, which is three-fourths of their indemnity, costs them much less than if they bought an annuity from an insurance company. The pension represents a further increase in their real remuneration. But, even if the total real value were $8,000 a year, it can be argued that it contrasts very unfavorably with the aggregate annual sum that members of the Congress of the United States can draw for their services.

The annual indemnity of American Congressmen and Senators is fixed at $12,500 a year, plus a tax free allowance of $2,500; their supplementary perquisites are on a fantastically generous scale. They are allocated $12,000 per annum for secretarial assistance, but provision authorized for additional service of this kind can enlarge this amount to $20,000 per annum. They are also allowed $800 each year for stationery, 1,800 minutes of free long distance calls to any point in the United States and a wordage of 12,000 words for telegrams, and they are supplied with rent-free offices in their constituencies. So it is estimated that a member of Congress can, if he avails himself of all his allowance, draw a total sum of over $40,000 a year from the public Treasury as a reward for his services.

The problem facing our Cabinet is complicated by the position of the Senate, and particularly by the overwhelming predominance of the Liberals in its present personnel. The Senators are not asked, as are members of the British House of Lords, to work for nothing; they are paid the same annual indemnity as members of the lower House, but they have to pay taxes on their supplementary allowance of $2,000. The Senate enjoys equal status with the House of Commons and logically there should be no discrimination against it in the matter of remuneration, except that its members are assured life tenure of their seats and long adjournments make its annual burden of work much lighter than that of the Commons.

The Cabinet is fully conscious that today the Senate, on account of its almost monopolistic domination by the Liberal party, is in a peculiarly vulnerable position and is the target of recurring criticism from different quarters. It fears, justifiably, that any substantial increase in the remuneration of the Senate would supply fresh ammunition to its critics and that the public would endorse a contention that the payment of even $8,000 per annum to a band of elderly gentlemen, most of whom were rather weary political warhorses of the Liberal party, was an indefensible waste of public funds.

There is undoubtedly a case for higher remuneration for the parliamentarians, but it should have the authority of a popular mandate. They are servants of the Canadian people, and no other employees in Canada are in a position to use, without the assent of their employers, their own votes to decree higher financial rewards for their labors. So the use of this unique freedom of action would be a highly questionable move and certainly a very indelicate one. If Prime Minister St. Laurent believes that the proposed increase is desirable, he should have reached an agreement before the last election with the leaders of the other parties about the scale of the increase, explained the proposals to the voters and intimated that he would regard his return to power as a mandate for their implementation.

THE CABINET has wisely decided that the revision of the Criminal Code will not be treated in a partisan spirit and that a special parliamentary committee will investigate and report upon the problems of capital punishment. The outstanding advocate of its abolition in the present House of Commons is W. Ross Thatcher, the resourceful Socialist businessman who represents Moose Jaw. He and his allies argue that capital punishment offends against the principles of Christianity, that hanging is an inhuman business which brutalizes the officials who carry out an execution, that the death penalty is purely and simply revenge, that Canadians who were not actual murderers but merely accessories to murder have sometimes been hanged, and that in communities where capital punishment has been abolished there has been no real increase in homicidal crimes.

Fednews

BETWEEN now and mid-April, when the Easter recess begins, Parliament will need evening sittings to handle its heavy program of legislation.

For the rebuttal at least of the last argument, the opponents of abolition will argue that in six states—Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Wisconsin—which have wiped out the death penalty, the rate of convictions for murder in recent years was three times higher than that of Canada, and that the Parliament of New Zealand, after abolishing the death penalty in 1941 restored it in 1950 after the annual rate of homicides had risen far above the Canadian rate.

The committee will certainly pay attention to the arguments advanced in the vigorous controversy over capital punishment which occurred a few years ago in Britain. The influence of Lord Templewood (formerly Sir Samuel Hoare), who, as a Conservative Home Secretary, had had the final say about many executions, was a powerful factor in inducing the British House of Commons in 1947 to produce through a free vote of its members, a majority in favor of the abolition of the death penalty. But Lord Templewood failed to persuade the House of Lords, in which he then sat, to endorse the change; it was more impressed by the argument of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the state must begin by asking, not what is for the good of the murderer, but what is necessary for the good order of society and the preservation of the lives and safety of its citizens. So capital punishment has been retained in Britain and there is little chance that our Parliament will decree its abolition.

The committee will also consider whether some other method of execution should be substituted for hanging. It will doubtless take cognizance of the recent report of a British Royal Commission, which, after an exhaustive investigation of the problem, including personal inspections by some of its members of executions by electrocution in the United States, decided that hanging was the most humane method.

IT NOW seems inevitable that, when the Progressive Conservative Association holds its annual conference at Ottawa in March, the leadership of Mr. Drew will overshadow all other issues. The complaints about the inadequacies of Mr. Drew as a leader which were voiced immediately after the election by critics in his own party (the Calgary *Herald* had a savage editorial) have not abated; even a paper so friendly to Mr. Drew as the Ottawa *Journal* lately admitted that the months elapsed since the election have brought "indications of insurrection, things not unusual in a defeated party yet uncomfortable for Mr. Drew".

The latest prominent Tory mutineer has been Dufferin Roblin, a leading member of the Manitoba Legislature, and his indictment of Mr. Drew was followed by an obviously unfriendly news story to the effect that Mr. Drew was being urged by his wife to give up the leadership of his party. This story evoked from Mr. Drew a vigorous denial of its accuracy.

The extent of the dissatisfaction with Mr. Drew's leadership is difficult to assess, but the action of 14 of his followers in the House of Commons in following the lead of Mr. Diefenbaker in support of the Social Creditors' amendment to the Address, which Mr. Drew opposed, suggested an ominous fissure. At the conferences of the Progressive Conservative party the opening item on the agenda is invariably a vote of confidence in the leader; when it is moved, Mr. Drew will assuredly seize the opportunity to defend his leadership and state unequivocally that he must have a vote of confidence or retire. Then, if the leaders of the malcontents decide to oppose this resolution, a battle which might have calamitous effects for the party, will be joined.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

The Public Prints

Vancouver Sun: Most Canadians will be astonished to hear a leading public servant brush off any type of freedom as a luxury that won't work in Canada.

Yet that's just what CBC Chairman A. Davidson Dunton maintained at his press conference here. . . . Mr. Dunton affably agreed that it would be "a good idea" to let Canadians enjoy the "greatest possible choice in Canadian television." But he added quickly that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation thinks such freedom of choice wouldn't be "practical."

Mr. Dunton tried to put it softly. But he ended with the inevitable excuse for every restriction on freedom: it's a fine ideal but it isn't good for people.

St. John's Telegram: We should prefer that Newfoundland were more of a constitutional, and less of an absolute monarchy. We should prefer to see decisions reached more by the committee method, and less by the method of inspiration followed by subsequent salesmanship.

But that does not mean that we want to see Premier Smallwood replaced by the Progressive Conservatives. God forbid. He has been a good leader for the province in a very difficult period. He has his weaknesses. His opinions are sometimes wrong, and we propose to continue fighting him tooth and nail on subjects on which we are convinced he is wrong. But if ever the going gets tough, and he needs our help, though he may despise it, he will get it just the same.

Winnipeg Free Press: A situation has arisen in Winnipeg high schools which will strike many citizens as unbelievable and well-nigh scandalous. It appears that since the revision of the curriculum about three years ago, British history has disappeared from our public secondary schools. Beyond Grade eight no classes are now offered, nor have they been offered for the past two years. Matters are better in private institutions and in rural Manitoba, which is fortunate since it would appear otherwise that Manitoba's were bent on rearing a generation of political illiterates.

Edmonton Journal: Officials of the Canadian department of agriculture may now be credited with the definition of the year. In their dictionary, according to an Ottawa dispatch this week, "dumping" is that which is called "dumping" by the government of the buyer's country.

This fascinating bit of intelligence came out when un-named officials of the department were asked if Canada, in selling canned pork to German firms at a price lower than that received on our domestic market, were not contravening the Geneva Agreements on Tariffs and Trade. "No," said they, for dumping only occurred when the country to which goods were being exported took exception.

Perhaps that is correct, however indefinite it may seem. It raises another question, though. Would "dumping" be "dumping" if it were so called by another nation interested in selling similar goods in the country of the buyer? To get an answer to this conundrum, we suspect, the whole matter will have to be dumped back into the laps of the trade experts.

While awaiting any revelations from that quarter, the officials of our agricultural department might rectify their manner of speaking about the losses being taken on this trade in surplus pork, which the government bought for price-support purposes. They admitted, according to the dispatch, that they are taking "quite a loss" on the sales to Germany. Let's alter *they* to *the Canadian taxpayers,* and keep the record straight!

Philadelphia Bulletin: Those tireless busybodies, the scientists, have discovered that by giving silk worms aureomycin and chlormycetin, with a dash of amino acid, they can raise silk production 8 to 14 per cent.

Presently, therefore, we will hear of a silk surplus, and the crying need for price supports on silk, plus import quotas to keep out foreign silk. This will be followed by a demand for higher tariffs.

Sometimes you can't help feeling that it would be nice if the scientists took a long vacation till things settle down.

The Calgary Herald: The Alberta Motor Association voted in favor of a move to have driver training instituted as part of the high school curriculum in Alberta, and that driving be taught as an optional course worth credits toward a diploma.

We do not think that teaching young people to drive cars is any responsibility of this province's educational system, and we think it would be frivolous, to say the least, to institute what inevitably would become known as a "pipe" course carrying valuable academic credits which otherwise might really entail work.

Peterborough Examiner: If the Post Office is to have more money, could it not also have some reform at the top—some consideration of its higher officials.

In particular, could it not have some new method of selecting its stamp design? Canada at present enjoys the disagreeable distinction of being a first-rate nation with fifth-rate stamps—ugly in design and clumsy in workmanship. A new and dispiriting depth was reached in the stamps which were issued this year to celebrate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

If those stamps represent the thinking and taste of the Post Office Department, it is time we imported a skilled civil servant from Britain or the U.S.A. to teach our department the elements of its work.

GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH

The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week.

During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Canadians will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which all members of your family may wisely follow.

1. Build up your resistance. Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled. It is important to keep living quarters moderately heated with moistened air.

2. Do not be careless about colds. If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. *If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.*

3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover. Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

If you are unfortunate enough to contract pneumonia, influenza, or other severe respiratory infections, follow your doctor's advice faithfully.

4. Have a physical examination. If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

Metropolitan offers a booklet called "Respiratory Diseases" which contains various suggestions to help you "weather the winter" in the best of health. It also discusses the more common ailments of the season. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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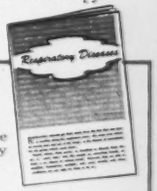

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Books

The Children of Tchekov

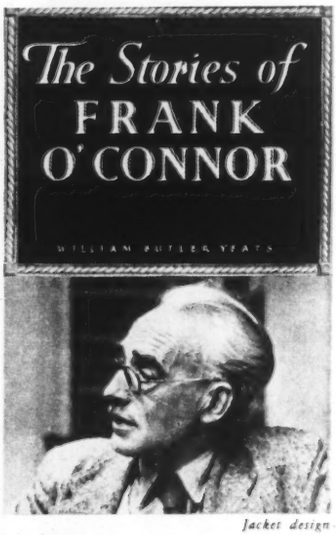
SHORT STORIES are of all kinds, but for many years those which have won the most critical attention have been those which have shown, in some important respect, the influence of Anton Tchekov or Guy de Maupassant. It is not easy to understand why this should be so, for although Tchekov and Maupassant are undoubtedly masters, it may be doubted whether they have said the final word on the short story. But four volumes of short stories present themselves for consideration today, and I shall have to judge them by the Tchekov-Maupassant standard for two reasons: the first is that three of the writers have written with those standards to guide them; the second is that I am not capable of working out a new standard of judgment which would be better.

The first volume fits easily into this critical system. It is a volume of selected stories from the work of Katherine Mansfield, published in the World's Classics series. Katherine Mansfield never left any doubt that she had taken Tchekov as her master; indeed, not very long ago the correspondence columns of *The Times Literary Supplement* carried a number of letters in which it was suggested that upon one occasion she had knowingly passed off a story of Tchekov's as her own. It seems unlikely that she would have done this, but the accusation is significant as evidence that a story of Tchekov's might have been accepted as one of Katherine Mansfield's.

She used the short story as a means of evoking character and mood, and she did so with a subtlety which has won admiration for thirty years. This was her glory, and we may also wonder if it was not her greatest limitation. To say that a writer is *too* subtle may seem a strange accusation; it suggests first of all a dullness and insensitivity in the reader. But Katherine Mansfield chose to apply her subtlety and penetration to people and moods which were not in themselves very interesting; she wrung from them the last drop of their essence, and by so doing she made them arresting for the time it takes us to read her stories. But a few days afterward, can we recall these characters, these moods?

To take a very obvious example, let us look at *The Garden Party*, which is one of her best-known stories. It is, briefly, an account of how a girl in a well-to-do home is awakened to the existence of pathos in the lives of people less fortunate than herself. The effect is achieved without one obvious move, without one needless detail; we feel the girl's awakening poignantly, yet not so poignantly as to falsify it or make it seem more than it is. It is all perfect; it compels admiration. And yet, somehow, it does not seem to be very much, when it is recollected. The works of bigger writers, with bigger virtues and bigger faults, are what linger in the mind.

This brings me to the work of a very big writer indeed, whose collected short stories have just been published. He is Frank O'Connor, and it was W. B. Yeats who compared him to Tchekov. Yet I think it would be more accurate, if there must be comparisons, to name him with Maupassant. One remembers Maupassant, as one does not remember Tchekov. (That is to say, I do, and if your response in these matters is different, I have no wish to quarrel with you; in discussing great men, it is foolish to quibble.) O'Connor has all the



Jacket design

sensibility, all the capacity to create mood, that Katherine Mansfield had, but he has a greater ability than she to create character, and in my opinion at least this makes him a greater writer of short stories.

There is a bewildering richness and variety in these tales. Some of them exist only to create a mood, some are satire, and others are novels in miniature. There are writers who have been so affected by the need to write like Tchekov or Maupassant in order to draw serious critical attention to their work that they have forgotten that a short story can tell a tale, and still be good. We grow a little weary of those short stories, some of which find their way into the pages of *The New Yorker*, which put mood before everything, and carry sensibility to the point where it fatigues without rewarding the reader; yet we must not be ungrateful to a magazine which has given us some of the best work of O'Connor. Even in his slightest things, we get a strong sense of character from O'Connor's people; we can recall them weeks and months after we have read about them.

Although I would not say that it is his finest characteristic, O'Connor is distinguished by his insight into the minds of children. He is no sentimentalist, and neither is he tough merely for the sake of toughness. But he can give us the toughness and egotism of children, combined with their defenceless innocence, in such a way that we are carried back into childhood miraculously. I do not know of any story which is at once so painful and so funny as *The Idealist*, which is about a lad at a poor Irish school who tries to incorporate into his own life the code of behavior which he has learned from stories of English boarding-school life. And in *First Confession* childhood innocence is wonderfully recalled, without a drop of sugar in the mixture. And in *The Pretender* the jealousy of a boy who sees his mother's pity for a poor child as part of a plot against himself is superbly understood and communicated. Yet we are never impressed with O'Connor's cleverness, as I find myself impressed by the cleverness of Katherine Mansfield. I would not wish, even if it lay in my power, to detract one jot from her reputation, but I must record my conviction that O'Connor is the finer writer in this difficult form. A great spirit is at work in these stories.

THE complete short stories of Erskine Caldwell have been published in a fat volume, and a very uneven book they make. It would have been better to make a selection of perhaps a third of the whole, and to let the others linger in the files of the magazines in which they first appeared. Caldwell is a writer about whose head storms continue to rage, and I think that it is because he has a sense of humor which is not in tune with that of our time. This is an age with a bad conscience; great numbers of people today consider that poverty, stupidity and misfortune are qualities which exonerate their possessors from humorous or objective consideration. But Caldwell writes about poor, stupid and unfortunate people, as if they were funny, and he finds much that is funny in them. He does not mock their misfortunes or jeer at their foolishness, but he is neither blind nor sentimental in depicting them. Consequently many of his readers are ashamed of themselves for laughing at what Caldwell has written. They fall under his spell sufficiently to share his objectivity, but they cannot maintain it when the story is finished. Then they are angry with him for having made them laugh at what they do not think proper subjects for laughter.

It must also be said that Caldwell can write very badly, and he often mistakes extreme simplicity for art when it is, in fact—extreme simplicity. There is a strain of the teller of folk-tales in him, also, which leads him to think that flat anecdotes are stories when in fact they are merely items in different folk-tales—the dullest kind of reading in all literature. But at his best he is really good, individual, humorous and strong.

This brings me to the last of the books of short stories, the latest collection from the machine-gun typewriter of Gerald Kersh, who must surely be the fastest, most slap-dash, most recklessly inventive writer

he English language today. Mr. Kersh likes big themes, but he is too impatient to handle them in a big way. Sometimes he hits the nail on the head; five times in six he hits himself on the thumb. And so too many of his stories would be better called "yarns" — that English word which sums up so much bad writing, sloppy thinking, and ponderous heroics.

Yet he is fascinating, for his energy and inventiveness never fail. He is not afraid to be ridiculous; he has never heard of bathos or anti-climax. But he is as full of life as a Catherine-wheel, and in a world of cautious, half-dead authors, we may forgive him much simply because he is so uproariously alive.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

SELECTED STORIES—by Katherine Mansfield —pp. 364—*Oxford*—$1.25.

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR — pp. 367—*British Books*—$3.00.

THE COMPLETE STORIES OF ERSKINE CALDWELL—pp. 664—*McClelland & Stewart*—$5.50.

THE BRIGHTON MONSTER—by Gerald Kersh —pp. 197—*British Books*—$3.00.

In Brief

THE WHITEOAK BROTHERS, JALNA 1923 — by Mazo de la Roche—pp. 307—*Macmillan* —$3.75.

Another piece in the Jalna jigsaw puzzle, which will be fitted into its place by the author's devoted following. The theme of the book is Eden's ventures in selling shares in a mine to the members of the Whiteoaks clan, under the stress of keeping each one's investment a secret from the others. But it is the security of Jalna, the atmosphere of broad acres and good horses, manly men and womanly women, which makes these books popular. This is life as hundreds of thousands of people would like it to be, rather than Canadian rural life as most of us know it. As a piece in a jigsaw, or a verse in a ballad, the book relies upon previous acquaintance with the Whiteoaks family among its readers, and the nostalgic quality of these books is more marked here than we remember in the previous volumes.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD—by A. E. Housman, with engravings by Agnes Miller Parker—pp. 95 —*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

The familiar, beautiful verses, which some critics have been decrying of late years, in a pleasant edition, suitable as a gift. The wood engravings, like all of their kind are brooding, ominous and symbolic, but they have the virtue of looking rather like the lush Shropshire of the poems.

FOOTPRINTS OF ASSURANCE—by Alwin E. Silverstolpe—pp. 306, very handsomely illustrated —*Macmillan*—$11.00.

On the face of it, a history of the insignia used by fire insurance companies in 63 countries is a work of little general interest. But in the 25 years which he has devoted to it, Mr. Silverstolpe has discovered so much, has arranged it so well, and illustrated it so beautifully, that his book becomes a strangely interesting bypath of history. It is also fascinating as an addition to the history of design applied to a commercial purpose, for these firemarks range from objects of beauty to hideous little tags. Insurance men, whose conversation occasionally lacks richness, should certainly buy and read this work on their special subject.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE —Philip van Doren Stern—pp. 254—*Macmillan*—$8.95.

Just about everything that relates to automobiles is dealt with in this book, which is very fully illustrated with pictures from *Motor Magazine*, from 1903 to 1953. The enthusiast can wallow in detail. The fuzzier type of mind will ponder on the curious relationship which seems to exist between the design of cars and that of women's shoes. And, as always with these volumes of recent social history, the question will arise: Did people really look like that within living memory? And the disquieting affirmative answer will have to be given once more.

IN A PROVINCE—by Laurens van der Post— pp. 350—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.90.

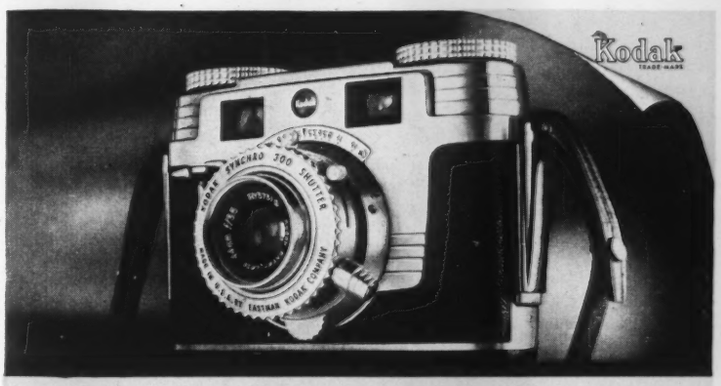
Interesting as the first novel of the author of the distinguished work of this year *The Face Beside The Fire*. It is a story of life in South Africa and of the complex of race relationships existing there. A good African, a good Dutchman, and a good English civil servant are drawn into a situation which they have not created, which they seek to improve, but which costs all three their lives. This is now familiar ground, but was not so in 1934 when this book was written. It shows the faults of an early work, but it has also fine qualities, and the sensibility which marks van der Post's recent work is seen here, less clearly realized and controlled than it is at present.

IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURE — by Alain Gheerbrant — pp. 390, illustrated with photographs and maps — *Longmans, Green* — $3.25.

The really unexplored areas of the earth are fast disappearing, but the Sierra Parima, between the Orinoco and the Amazon is one of them; this book tells how three young Frenchmen and a Colombian travelled through it in 1948-50. It is a story of strange people and strange customs; an initiation ceremony in which the novices are stung by hundreds of poisonous ants is only one of these. It is a fascinating and enthralling book in spite of some inflated writing, which has been translated into boneless English.

HUNTING SCENES FROM SURTEES—selected by Lionel Gough—pp. 253—*Clarke, Irwin* —$2.65.

Although handsome "complete sets" of Surtees are always being brought out, and seem to find a ready market, it is rare to meet anyone in Canada who has read this wonderful minor Victorian. This book provides an excellent introduction to an author who is full of little-known delights. The high spirits and unforced humor of Surtees is always refreshing, and even people who cannot tell a fox from a hound can be rejoiced by Facey Rumford, Miss Lucy Glitters, Mr. Pomponious Ego and the immortal Jorrocks himself. Not to have read Surtees is



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FRAULEIN BO-PEEPEN, and More Tales Mein Grossfader Told—by David Morrah—pp. 79 with drawing by the author—*Clarke, Irwin —$1.65.*

Familiar nursery tales re-told in mock-German. You may also recognize "Hamlet von Denmarken, ben das tragicker Wilhelm Shookenspeere ben uppen-gethinken," and if this kind of thing amuses you, this is your kind of book. If not, eschew this Weber-and-Fields nightmare.

HERBS FROM THE GARDEN TO THE TABLE—by Dorothy Childs Hogner—pp. 223 illustrated by Nils Hogner—*Oxford—$4.50.*

As a guide to herbs this book is complete and excellent, telling how they should be grown, and the uses to which they may be put in the kitchen. Occasionally it breaks into that ponderous lyricism which may be called Compost Poetic, but in the main it is sober and admirable. If you know nothing of the wonders of herbs, or if you are an old hand with them, you will find much in this book to delight you.

HOW TO RAISE YOUR OWN SALARY — by Napoleon Hill — pp. 303 — *McClelland & Stewart—$4.50.*

Unquestionably, if you could put into practice even half the excellent advice contained in this book, you could raise your salary. This is the Gospel According to Andrew Carnegie, and a very practical gospel it is. But the gulf between knowing how to be a financial success, and being one, is so great that only a tiny fraction of mankind is able to bridge it; most people would like to have more money, but the sacrifices involved in getting it are so many and so great that most people shrink from them. Further, it takes courage and talent to make a fortune, and that kind of courage and talent is just as rare as the kind that gets you the V.C. or the martyr's crown. So don't spend even your first $100,000 until you have read the book at least twice.

A GARDENER'S SOURCE BOOK — by G. H. Hamilton—pp. 261, index and illustrations —*Dent—$4.50.*

From month to month, this book tells you what to do in your garden. The author, who is Botanist to the Niagara Parks Commission and an instructor in the School of Gardening there, gives a great deal of highly scientific information in a form which the layman can follow, and as well as being able to make plants and flowers grow, he has excellent taste in garden planning; these gifts are not always found together. As a guide to the beginner at gardening, this book will be hard to beat, and it deals with Canadian, rather than U.S., gardening conditions.

GREEN THUMBS—by Roscoe A. Fillmore—pp. 385, illustrations and index—*Ryerson —$4.00.*

A first-rate book by a distinguished Canadian authority on Canadian garden problems. Because of the compressed style of the author it contains even more information than at first seems possible. Not only the information, but the wisdom of gardening is conveyed in a simple and authoritative manner, and every Canadian gardener, beginner or old hand, will welcome it. B. E. N.

LESSER WORLDS—by Nesta Pain, illustrated by J. Yunge Bateman—pp. 244—*Longmans, Green—$2.25.*

This book about spiders, beetles, ants and solitary wasps and bees is based on a popular broadcast series of the BBC.

The material, much of it drawn from the works of Fabre, has general interest. The author's style, however, turns these episodes of insect life into an entomological soap-opera. The kind of social or moral comparison which sounds quaint or charming when it comes from the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries sounds decidedly absurd from the twentieth. M. A. H.

•

Chess Problem

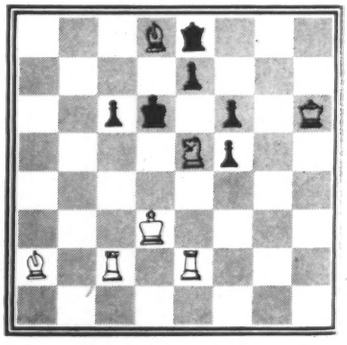
ORGANISER of the long defunct Good Companions Chess Problem Club, James F. Magee, Jr., was born in Philadelphia on January 7, 1867. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1887 as a mining engineer, and retired from business in 1907 owing to family illness. Connection with a number of societies was retained. Chess and golf were his relaxations.

Magee learnt chess at twelve, and in 1886 organized the Junior Chess Problem Club of Philadelphia, directing it for 26 years. It was a social club, combining chess and cards with good dinners and good-fellowship.

After retiring Magee lived much abroad, four years being spent in Florence, London, Dresden, Paris and Lucerne. In Florence he became fascinated with the beauty of the Bonus Socius collection of problems, and edited a portion of it in a fine volume, reproducing pages of the text and problems, illuminations and the original binding.

Problem No. 49, by W. B. Rice

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White mates in two.

Solution of Problem No. 48

1.B-Q6, threat; 2.Q-K1, etc. 1.B-Q6 B-Kt4; 2.Q-Q2, etc. 1.B-Q6, B-B3 2.Q-QR1, etc. 1.B-Q6, Q-Kt3; 2.Q-Q4 etc. 1.B-Q6, P-B6; 2.Q-R4, etc.

This is a diagonal version of Shinkman's double grab three-mover, published June 13 last. "CENTAUR."

Business

The Triumphant March Of the Supermarket

By HARRY G. BOWLEY

IN AN ERA successfully dedicated to the proposition that people are too lazy to change gramophone records or shift gears for themselves, it seems strange, on the face of it, that an enterprise based on such a rugged principle as self-service should have got anywhere at all. Nevertheless, the supermarkets flourish.

There are several reasons for the success of the food chains, and most of them are logical consequences of the changing pattern of everyday living. The thoughtful student of social phenomena may be moved to reflect, as he puts out from Frozen Foods and steers a course past Cereals and Kitchen Aids toward the nearest cashier, that the supermarkets have scored with a daring stroke of genius: they run the only operation in which the customer, having done his own assembly work, is himself put on a production line, and his cash is collected before he gets off it and receives his goods.

Self-service got its first big boost in 1916, when the late Clarence Saunders opened his first Piggly-Wiggly store. Mr. Saunders did not invent the self-service grocery, any more than Marilyn Monroe invented sex, but he made everybody conscious of it. After making, and losing, a fortune in Piggly-Wiggly, he launched a chain of stores each identified by the legend "Clarence Saunders, Sole Owner of My Name" across its front. In the 1940s, still a fast man with an idea and a name, he gave the world the "Keedoozle Stores," in which each customer was provided with a key to be inserted into keyholes under glass-case samples of the items wanted. This operation sent signals to the back room, where the merchandise was loaded on a conveyor belt, to be carried to the cashier's desk. When he died late in 1953, Mr. Saunders was about to introduce the "Foodelectric," in which the customer works the adding-machine.

Whether the Foodelectric is the coming thing in the grocery world is anybody's guess; but if it is, without doubt the customer will take to punching her own adding-machine keys as readily as she has accepted the idea of doing her own reaching and pushing. How readily that is, may be gauged from the fact that, while Canadian food sales as a whole went up forty per cent from 1948 to 1952, chain grocery sales went up around seventy per cent. In the United States, food chains are now doing almost half of all food retailing. In Canada they do a little over one-third, and this proportion is growing.

While they have been increasing their total sales, food chains have been reducing the number of their stores. Dominion Stores Limited, which once had as many as 500 outlets, now has around 215. A typical new store, of course, will do a dozen or more times as much business as one of the old type. Many of the older food chain outlets were crammed between neighboring buildings on busy downtown streets, with no parking space. But since then the food chains have been following the population, which has headed determinedly for the wide open spaces. Today's suburban supermarket, with its wide expanse of parking space, its cathedral-like interior vistas, and, very often, its attendant cluster of satellite non-competing stores, serves a wide territory. Just how far such territorial expansion can go has not been definitely determined. Some food chain men believe the limit has now been reached in the case of the largest stores; others demur.

Purchases for a chain of food stores are made in bulk from a central office, which usually deals directly with brokers or primary producers. The chain is thus in a position to take advantage of all quantity discounts and get preferred treatment from suppliers, another point that makes for low retail prices. And the big chains have their own warehouse accommodation, with elaborate mechanical equipment for handling merchandise; this also keeps costs down. Many chains display their own brands of merchandise side by side with nationally-advertised brands; coffee is a notable example. The mark of a supermarket habitué is the practised ease with which he operates a coffee-grinding machine.

Because of their high turnover, food chains can, and do, operate on a low margin of profit (1.7 per cent before taxes). Income taxes reduce profits by at least fifty per cent.

The supermarkets' continuing drive to reduce overhead is balked in one direction by the public's insistence on doing its shopping at the end of the week. A store must have sufficient staff and space to deal with peak periods, and their idleness in slack periods represents a dead loss which must be added to operating costs. Food chain operators have tried several dodges to entice customers into early-week shopping, including premiums such as dolls and encyclopaedias. One counter-measure took a different approach, and brought about a merchandising revolution in meat. To avoid hiring large staffs of butchers for peak periods, the pre-packaged meat system was introduced, and it made quite a hit.

After the supermarket, with its complete selection of foods under one roof, became established, it was inevitable that someone, sometime, would tentatively put a non-food item on the shelves to see what happened. What happened was a major trend in supermarket operation. From a modest beginning with items related to food such as measuring spoons, paring knives, potato peelers and gravy strainers, the food chains went irresistibly on, like a drug addict increasing his daily dosage, to things like nylons, men's shirts, paper-backed books and magazines, records, and a bewildering variety of plastic gadgets. The profit margin on these lines is greater than in food, which is a highly competitive field; and thus sales of non-food items become another factor in keeping food prices low.

Perhaps to offset their rather impersonal efficiency, some supermarkets express their sense of community responsibility by providing bulletin boards where local organizations can post notices of forthcoming events.

FOOD CHAIN staffs are fully unionized, and are trained in schools which duplicate as nearly as possible the setup of an actual store. Food chain executives feel the business, considered from the standpoint of a career, is not taken as seriously as it should be by most young people. They point out that there is nothing to stop the rawest cashier's helper from working his way up to store manager and beyond, if he shows the right stuff, and they add that there are job possibilities in a big food chain whose existence few even suspect—in advertising, for instance, or personnel work.

No revolutionary innovations in the near future are foreseen by food chain men. Nathan Steinberg, of the big Montreal Steinberg chain, says, "We have reason to believe that the trend towards non-food lines will continue and a mechanization of food handling at the retail outlet." Another food chain official expects the frozen-food idea, already mushrooming, will have frostbitten almost every type of comestible known to man before it is through. In the main, though, innovations tend to be aimed toward sociability rather than increased efficiency. New stores are featuring refreshment booths serving hot dogs and Cokes; kiddies' corners well supplied with toys and books; and—a convenience considered by some to be considerably overdue—rest rooms.

Meanwhile, independent grocers are brooding more and more over the notion that there is little the chain stores are doing that they couldn't do too. One answer to the food chains is the Independent Grocers' Association, based on the theory that individual grocers can maintain their independence and still band together to enjoy such economies as mass buying.

Bob Thomson, Loblaws

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Gold & Dross

Bralorne Mines

I HAVE HELD *shares in Bralorne Mines for a number of years. These cost me, on average, around 7. Would you please give me your opinion as to whether I should take a loss or hold in hopes of a recovery in the price?—D.M., Montreal.*

With the stock showing a modest recovery from the low of 2.85 to 3.10 and some long absent signs of interest appearing in the shares of gold producers, holding of your stock at the present time seems warranted. The effects of all the bad news that has affected the stock have long been registered and a recovery to around 5 seems possible if interest expands in the golds.

Present ore reserves, which average close to one-half ounce per ton, are estimated to be adequate for five years' operation at present mill rates and may be expanded by the development work now under way from the 26th level of the mine.

The increase in the supply of mining labor caused by the reduction of operations in many base metal mines in British Columbia should improve the efficiency of operations and help to reduce costs. Should other costs be reduced the possibilities of the company again reaching a profitable operating level will improve and expectations of a resumption of dividend payments would then renew buying interest in the stock.

Calgary and Edmonton

I HAVE *200 shares of J. A. Lang and Sons Ltd., which cost me 16. They used to pay nice dividends but now nothing. I can sell at about 9½. Should I take my loss and switch into Calgary and Edmonton, or hold?—A.P., Winnipeg.*

As the outlook for Langs is not too bright and certainly does not point to an early resumption of dividends after the heavy losses incurred by inventory write-downs and other factors over the past few years, a switch certainly seems advisable.

From the technical position of the stock on the chart, The Calgary and Edmonton Corp. Ltd., appears to be a good choice for the recovery of your loss. After seven months of "workout" betweeen 7½ and 11, the stock appears to be in position to stage an advance of considerable extent and duration. A move through 11 should be followed by a test of the objectives of 13 and 15.

Basically, the company appears to have a much greater potential for growth and appreciation than your present holdings. Oil reserves and production revenue both increased in the year ending June 30, 1953, and appear to be continuing their upward trend.

The large holdings of land in the Pincher Creek gas area, of which Canadian Gulf Oil holds 47,586 acres under lease, also have a long-term potential for income when a market for the gas in this area is provided by the construction of pipeline facilities.

Purchase should be deferred until either an "up" signal is provided by a move through 11 or a reaction carries the price back to around 9.

Rix-Athabaska

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Rix-Athabaska Uranium Mines? I bought 500 shares at 1.90. What are the chances of their coming back?—W. S. W., Vancouver.*

From the technical position of the stock it appears quite possible that the recovery from 1.10 will be extended to a test of the supply zone of 1.85-2.00. Without some exceptional news, the possibility of the advance being extended beyond this level, which was developed by several months of distribution, seems slight.

According to the latest report from this company, ore reserves of some 156,000 tons, grading 0.22 uranium oxide, or a gross value of $32 per ton, are indicated above the 250 ft. level of the "Smitty" structure, and it is expected that some 350,000 tons of payable ore can be developed above the 550 ft. level. Other sections are under development, principally the "201" zone where drilling has indicated about 650,000 tons ranging in grade from 0.055 to 0.25 per cent uranium oxide.

With the $1,700,000 obtained from the sale of stock spent, it has been necessary for the company to obtain additional financing in the form of $250,000 of convertible 5 per cent notes. These carry a conversion price of 1.65 per share.

Officials of the company expect that these funds will carry operations to the point where ore shipments can begin; but the possibility of further financing being required should be considered as a brake upon upward action in the stock. A stop loss order maintained 15 points behind the market would appear to be good tactics.

Consolidated Smelters

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise me to do with 100 shares of Consolidated Mining and Smelting purchased at 28? I have been re-reading your analysis of last March, when the stock was selling at 29, and have been wishing I had taken your advice then. I hate to take a loss of this size now but I would also hate to see a larger one. Would you recommend selling short as a means of recovering my loss?—W. T. C., Ottawa.*

The outlook for base metal producers is still anything but cheerful. Zinc, with the U.S. Government stockpile holding nearly a million tons

stocks in producers' hands at record heights and new orders showing a sharp decline, shows little promise of a price recovery and further price weakness seems possible. Lead demand has been fair but shows little promise of price improvement. The impact upon Smelters production has already been felt with the company being forced to reduce zinc output by 4,000 tons per month and lay off several hundred men.

It is evident from this that the downtrend in earnings, which has forced a reduction in the dividends paid, will be continued and the annual report, due in March, may not make pleasant reading.

From the chart action of the stock, very heavy supply above 24 will limit any upward moves and this supply will likely be reinforced by short selling. The latest reports show that short sales now total 7,750 shares in Montreal and 4,380 in Toronto. This shows that a considerable body of bearish opinion on the stock exists.

As our chart provides downward objectives of 18 and 14 when a "down" signal is given by the penetration of the 22 support level, reversing your position to the short side seems the best means of recovering your loss, with a "stop loss" at 26.

Ontario Steel Products

I HAVE HELD *shares in Ontario Steel Products Co. for several years and now have a considerable capital gain. What do you think of the outlook for this company? Does it warrant holding the stock for income or should the capital gain be realized and reinvested in bonds?—A. R. C., Toronto.*

The annual report for this company shows a very satisfactory state of affairs. Operating profit for 1953 of $2,356,112 reached a new high and showed a considerable gain over the $1,628,441 earned in 1952. Several major changes were made by the company with two new plants being constructed and considerable new equipment being purchased.

Despite these changes and the heavy expenditure involved, which required the issuance of $2 million of 5¼ per cent debentures, the balance sheet shows the company to be in excellent financial health. Working capital was increased to $2,759,696 from $2,166,819, maintaining good ratios with the inventory and funded debt positions.

As the company is a major supplier of the automotive industry in Canada, providing springs, bumpers and other products, its earnings outlook is closely allied with the outlook for automobile production in general. From what can be seen now, it appears that the peak of demand for cars has passed and lower production schedules are in sight after the build-up of new car inventories for spring has been completed. If this view is correct, then a levelling out of sales and operating profits can be expected.

The appearance of the annual report lifted the price of the stock to a new high of 22½ and, on the present dividend rate of $1.10, brought the yield down to 4.9 per cent. Although the dividend is well covered by earnings of $4.04 per share, upward revision of the dividend rate is not expected as increased depreciation charges on the new plant and equipment and the sinking fund requirement of $125,000 will increase costs.

From this it appears that a switch into another security is advisable to capture your capital gain. As the company is well managed and progressive, the 5¼ per cent debentures, which are protected by the sinking fund and dividend limitation provisions, seem to be an attractive means of both protecting your capital and maintaining income.

New Mosher

COULD YOU *give me some information on New Mosher Longlac Mines? Is it advisable to continue to hold this stock?—Mrs. B. W., Murillo, Ont.*

With shaft sinking proceeding towards the 2,040 ft. level to further explore the extension of the MacLeod Cockshutt ore zone, it would appear wise to hold your stock in expectation of further promising developments.

As adequate financing for this development work is provided for by the agreement with Hoyle Mining Co. to underwrite 500,000 shares at 75 cents, definite progress should be made over the next few months.

The ore grades developed so far, which average about a quarter ounce of gold per ton, and the widths of 20 to 40 feet show considerable promise. This is reflected in the recovery in the price of the stock from the low of 39 cents.

Further good news from the property would be reflected in the price of the stock and lift it above the 1953 high of 87.

In Brief

I HAVE *some shares of Bluebird Slocan Mines Ltd. that I purchased at 25 cents. Is it worth holding or should I sell now and salvage something?—C. A. B., Portneuf, Que.*

Sell it; the "bluebird of happiness" has left.

WOULD YOU *give your opinion on Anglo-Newfoundland Development for (a) possible capital appreciation, (b) security of capital, (c) continuity or improvement of present dividend.—L. H. P., Montreal.*

Doubtful, on all three.

I HAVE *a considerable holding of Ameranium Mines Ltd., bought at 47 cents. I would appreciate your advice as to whether I should sell, hold or buy more. —A. R. N., Sorel, Que.*

Take your loss on a recovery near 20 cents.

I BOUGHT *shares in Consolidated Aleenbee Oil and Gas about a year ago at 80 cents. Would you recommend holding or buying more at present market price? — G. H. J., Nelson, B.C.*

As the possibilities of a recovery seem slight, further purchases do not seem warranted.

W. P. SNEAD

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Who's Who in Business

A Camera Caught His Honeymoon

IF Frank Radford (Budge) Crawley had not been a champion swimmer, and his father had not given him a movie camera to help perfect his style, and he had not spent his honeymoon taking pictures of the Ile d'Orléans, it is unlikely that he would now be president of Crawley Films Limited, largest independent producer of moving pictures in Canada.

Budge Crawley started his career as an accountant, got his CA and joined his father's well-known accounting firm, A. A. Crawley & Company. The course of his career seemed assured and he soon became a senior partner. When he married Judy Sparks (whose family gave its name to Ottawa's main street) he took his movie camera with them on their honeymoon to picturesque Ile d'Orléans, near Quebec City. The resulting 16mm. color film won the Hiram Percy Maxim award in New York as the world's best amateur moving picture in 1939.

Crawley Films
FRANK CRAWLEY

It was the first time a Canadian had won this coveted award (and to date no other Canadian has duplicated the feat). The publicity it brought young Crawley brought accompanying requests that he make films for some of his friends and business acquaintances. Soon he was more interested in his hobby than his vocation. Operating it as a sideline until 1943, in that year he bought St. Matthias church hall in Ottawa to serve as a studio and went into the movie business full-time.

Since then Crawley's has grown steadily and every year has seen an increase in its production until today, with branches in Montreal and Toronto, it is making 50 to 60 films a year for business and industry, government, education and television. Because many of the staff of 71 come from abroad, together they speak 13 different languages.

Crawley Films in 1952 made 23 per cent of all non-theatrical films produced by private industry in Canada despite the fact that, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 31 companies are now operating in the field. Plans have recently been announced for tripling the floor space on their original church site so that they will have a $250,000 investment in building and facilities.

The 42-year-old president of this thriving organization attributes its success to teamwork. Others in the company agree, but add that the teamwork stems largely from his contagious enthusiasm and his ability to pick good men.

Budge Crawley says he would rather lose money on a picture than turn out a poor one. This preoccupation with quality is probably responsible for his films having won 34 awards in Canada and around the world. Two of them—*The Loon's Necklace* and *Newfoundland Scene*—are the only non-theatrical films ever to win the coveted award of "Canadian Film of the Year."

Still happiest when he is shooting film himself, Crawley has probably set some kind of record for the odd places from which he has operated—the crow's nest of a whaler, an outrigger canoe off the coast of Brazil, one thousand feet down a coal mine, leaning out of a TCA plane at ten thousand feet, shooting the rapids in a canoe, inside the ring of the Calgary stampede and lashed to the front of a speeding car. He will shortly be "on location" in the French Alps for the second time within a year.

Not the arty type, Budge Crawley retains his athletic figure and gives the impression of abundant energy and drive. With his wife and five children he lives in a large modern home set amid 225 acres in the Gatineau hills where he likes to roam the trails on one of his eight horses.

His family are very much part of his film enterprise, for his wife is one of its most talented producers and his three boys and two girls have played many film roles.

It is probably due to this family atmosphere that the company is at its best when its films portray the lives of families — and particularly those of young people. Despite the talents of its various members, however, differing opinions and temperaments usually prevent the Crawley family from all working together on the *same* film.

Budge Crawley never expects to make a fortune in the moving picture business, but he'd rather make films than anything else and the people around him feel the same way about this youthful Canadian industry, still small by Hollywood standards but impressive in quality.

JOHN WILCOCK

Insurance

Expense Protection

A LOW-COST insurance policy of particular interest to the householder who wishes a safeguard against the additional expense which may be incurred if he is forced to vacate his home in the event of fire, is the Additional Living Expense policy.

This is an offshoot of the modern insurance form known as Time Element insurance. It becomes operative when the householder is forced by fire to leave his dwelling, whether it be a rented apartment or a privately-owned or rented house. What it does is pay the rent and the additional expenses of substitute quarters, whether they be hotel rooms with meals or other emergency housing.

These can amount to quite a sizable item. In a recent case a Toronto man, forced out in the middle of the night with his wife and two children when fire struck their dwelling, put up at a hotel. The bill there for one month was $310 for rooms, $372 for food and $5 for radio, a total of $687 for the month. An Additional Expense policy paid for this.

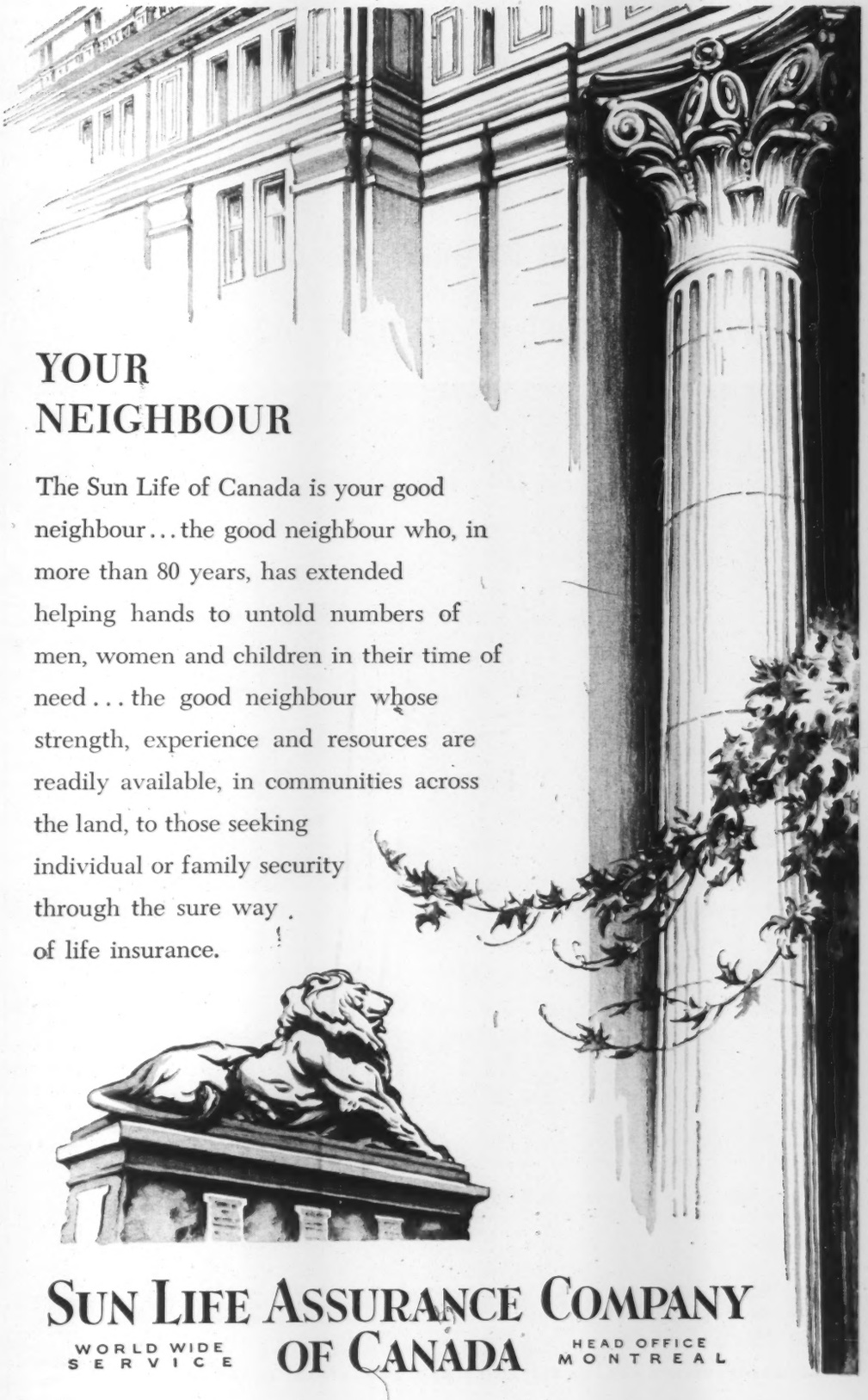
The cost of this insurance is extremely low. Anyone interested could purchase $2,000 worth, effective for a three-year period, for a cost of only $5 to $10, depending on the type of dwelling and the fire insurance rate on it. In taking out this type of insurance, it is advisable to take such a sum with a maximum of $500 protection for each month up to the total of the policy.

Anyone who carries a standard fire policy does, of course, have some protection in this respect, inasmuch as an amount equivalent to ten per cent of the face value of the fire policy may be used to cover the rental of substitute premises in such an emergency. If a man has a $10,000 fire policy, for instance, an amount of $100 may be available for rental of emergency premises. The words "may be available" are used advisedly for it is easily conceivable that the fire loss may run in excess of the face value of the policy, in which case there will be nothing for rental of emergency housing at all.

This low-cost insurance can be exceedingly comforting in an emergency and it should be borne in mind that if an owner's dwelling is totally destroyed by a fire the amount of Additional Living Expense insurance may need to be $7,500 to $10,000 or more to reimburse him adequately.

The owner of a summer home may wish to buy Additional Living Expense on that property also. Destruction of a summer cottage in April or May would probably mean that the family would have to seek hotel accommodation for their holidays and that would be another substantial item of Additional Living Expense.

WILLIAM SCLATER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Films

All Honorable Men

THE HOUSEMAN-MANKIEWICZ production of *Julius Caesar* met with a mixed response, with some critics placing it right at the top of their lists as the Year's Best, and some coldly omitting it altogether.

This was inevitable, since any screen version of Shakespeare is bound to leave the producer in a doubly vulnerable position. If he turns out traditional Shakespeare, he is criticized for failing to make use of the visual resources of the camera; if he experiments and enlarges he is accused of sacrificing the art of Shakespeare to the trickeries of the movies.

Producer Houseman and Director Mankiewicz decided to play it carefully and close; and this is perhaps the safest approach to Shakespeare on film. The lines can always move, even when the camera lags, and the poetry, rendered faithfully, is indestructible in any medium.

On the whole, we should be grateful to the makers of *Julius Caesar* for sticking to their iambic pentameters and to their determination that Shakespeare in this case should be neither exploited nor butchered to make a cinematic holiday. There must have been temptations, for instance, to present Rome in terms of enormous marble-columned vistas, and to turn camera and sound track loose on the portents of assassination—the thunder and lightning and the ghosts that squeaked and gibbered in the street. The producers of *Julius Caesar*, all honorable men, resisted these allurements and gave us, without sacrifice of text, a political-poetical drama entirely comprehensible to modern audiences.

We should be something more than grateful, I think, for the group of actors they have assembled here—particularly for James Mason and John Gielgud, who as Brutus and Cassius head up the conspiracy. John Gielgud plays his role in the great Shakespearean tradition—his Cassius is beyond human scale in treachery, ambition and fanaticism. James Mason, on the other hand, makes his self-deluding Brutus a troubled human figure whose iambics fall as naturally and often as movingly as common speech.

It is possible to be in several minds about Marlon Brando, cast here as Mark Anthony. His Anthony has presence and authority, but he is played throughout on one sombre level, with little hint of the volatile temperament that could seize on so hazardous a situation and turn it to account. It seems captious, however, to quarrel with him for turning the funeral oration into a flight of elocution. For what was that great *tour de force* if it wasn't the most calculated flight of elocution in literature?

The rest of the cast—Louis Calhern as Julius Caesar, Edmond O'Brien as Casca, Deborah Kerr as Portia and Greer Garson as Calpurnia — play their roles with a full sense of their responsibility to the Bard. It is a conscientious production, but there is excitement under the careful fidelity and the excitement lies in the drama, in the poetry, and rather oddly, in listening to well-known lines suddenly lifted from their context in familiar speech or in Bartlett and set in the living texture of Shakespeare.

Little Boy Lost presents Bing Crosby as a bereft father searching through the aftermath of war for his lost son. The father, a war-time correspondent, had been forced out of France by the German occupation, and the story describes his return and his attempts to re-establish paternity under particularly baffling circumstances. The son is played by eight year-old Christian Fourcade, a touching child who looks rather disturbingly as though he might have been specially thinned down for his waif like role. George Seaton, who directed the picture, has worked over his story and his small subject with exceptional sensitivity and restraint, and some of the later sequences are heart-shaking in their wordless and almost soundless intensity. It is a sad little story, but it is played by both veteran Crosby and by newcomer Fourcade with a self-effacing tact and gentleness that may easily beguile you sometimes against your better judgment.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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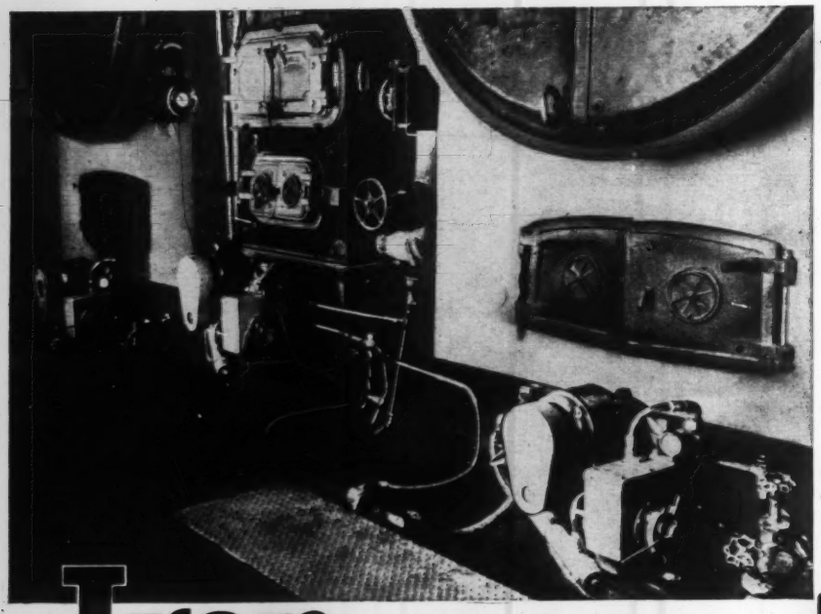

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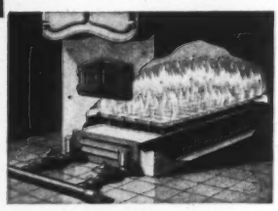

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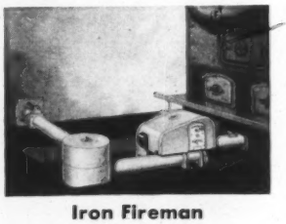

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Conversation Pieces:

MINK is never dyed. Those pastel shades are mutations, obtained by careful breeding. Mink ranchers feel that all the colors possible—black, white, blue, grey and brown, have now been produced. Any new shade will merely be an improvement or a variation. These facts we learned from President Harry Zimmerman, Tavistock, and Past-President Clifton Brown, St. Mary's, of the Ontario Fur Breeders' Association. In 1953, Canadian mink ranches (about 2,500 across the country) produced some 500,000 skins, of which 300,000 were mutations, according to J. C. Martin, of St. Mary's, President of the Canada Mink Breeders. A mink ranch, to be classified as a "ranch", should carry about 400 females and 100 males.

The Galt (Ont.) *Reporter* now has the distinction of having a woman as general manager. She is Margaret Hamilton, formerly business manager of the newspaper.

The Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra plans five more concerts, ending in April with Winnipeg's own Freda Trepel as guest pianist. Mrs. Grant Dexter is President of the Women's Committee, which has so successfully raised money to help support the Orchestra.

Zonta International is offering, for the 14th year, its $1,200 Amelia Earhart Scholarship. The award is for graduate work and goes to a woman with a BA degree in engineering. So far, no Canadian has won the award.

You will be seeing lots and lots of flowers this month—in silk prints. The International Silk Association predicts this

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

A CORNER *of the Luxenberg's library combines formal and modern styles. The walls are an eggplant shade; the loveseat is in glazed English chintz.*

THE IMAGINATIVE *arrangement of period furniture is illustrated in these pictures of the Toronto home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Luxenberg. Above is the Louis XVI drawing-room, which has champagne-colored walls and drapes.*

women

THE MUSIC ROOM *in the Luxenberg home is also furnished in the Louis XVI period. The Sèvres vase belonged to Napoleon and shows him crowning Josephine.*

Photos: Gerald Campbell, of Ashley & Crippen

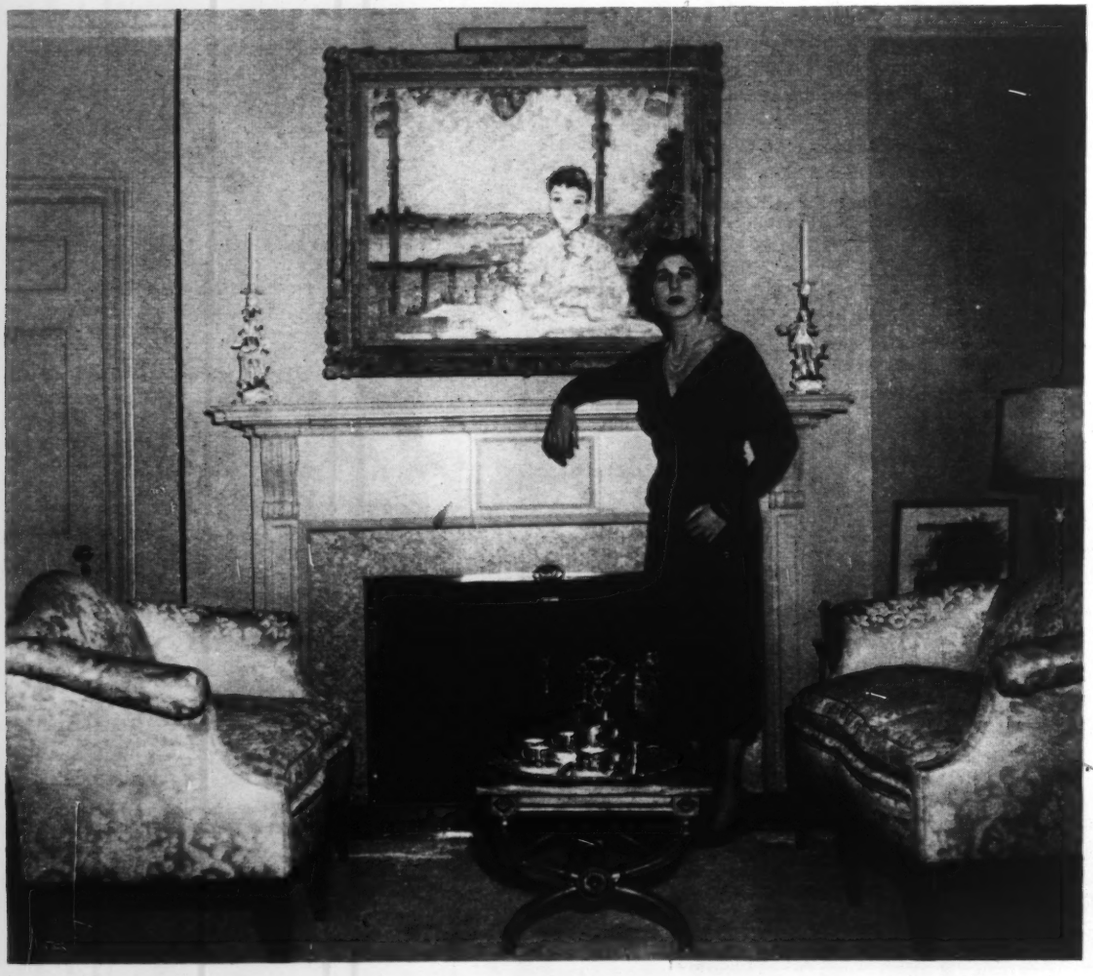
will be the biggest flower year in many a season. Some designs include big cabbage roses or tiny ones shading from white to American Beauty; others use lilacs of white, lavender and even turquoise; or zinnias in brilliant orange, shrill pink and deep Reuben red.

Winner of one of the Canadian Drama Awards is Jessie Richardson, of Vancouver. She started with Vancouver Little Theatre in 1938; has designed sets and costumes; has taught at the summer school of the University of British Columbia; has acted and directed, her latest acting "chore" being that of Goldilock's mother in the Christmas presentation of *The Three Bears* by Vancouver's Holiday Theatre.

Madame de Pompadour is reported to have spent as much as $100,000 (pre-inflation) a year on perfumes. Now, of course, we have perfumes in other than liquid form, such as the solid cologne sticks and creams. Lenthéric has put out a perfume concentrate in cream form that does a double duty: perfumes and softens the hands.

Weddings: Corinne Adele Moore, daughter of W. S. Moore, to Robert Bruce Hutchison, son of writer William Bruce Hutchison, both of Victoria; Frances Ann, daughter of Clarence F. Potter, MBE, to Robert Cecil Alcorn, both of Montreal; Rosamunde Patricia Wilson, of Chilliwack, BC, to Ralph Betts Brenan, Jr., of Rothesay, NB; Beatrice Maude Fane, to Archdeacon Charles Frederick Arthur Clough, both of Edmonton; Susan Elizabeth Wainwright, daughter of Lt-Col. J. G. Wainwright, of England, to Sub-Lt. Daniel Nicholas Mainguy, son of Vice-Admiral E. R. Mainguy, of Ottawa.

MASTER BEDROOM *in the Luxenberg home has lacquer red walls of flocking, with contrasting pink* toile de jouy *drapes and bedspreads.*



MRS. BENJAMIN LUXENBERG *in her drawing-room. The painting is* Un Jour de Fête, *done by Dietz Edzard in 1952. The loveseats are of heavy oyster-shade satin.*

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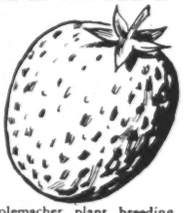

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JACQUELINE JAMES *(above), Schiaparelli gowns and the Canadian National Boat Show come together in Toronto, from Jan. 22 to Feb. 6, when the Boat Show presents a Schiaparelli fashion show of her New York and Paris models. Miss James will give the commentary, and, of course, wear Schiaparelli creations. Toronto audiences will remember Miss James for her performance in* One Touch of Venus, *during last year's Melody Fair.*

• •

All On the Square

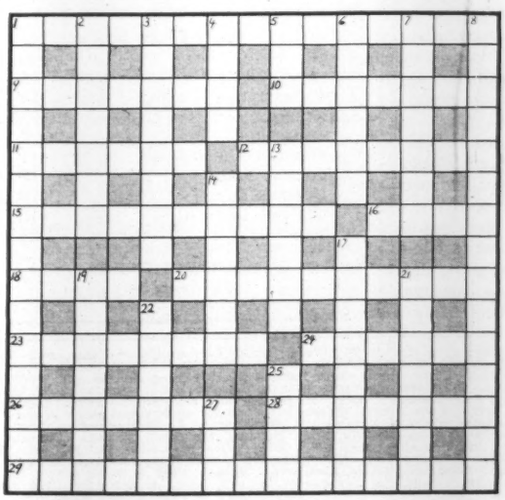
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. "Ouch! That's my corn!" hardly suggests that I do! (6, 2, 7)
9. Room for flying convicts? (3-4)
10. Barge in here for smokes? (7)
11. A charming way to issue a summons? (6)
12. You'll sail this way on a 3. (8)
15. Overeat a lousy mixture. (10)
16. Japs return in a whirl. (4)
18. Ugh! That's the end of him! (4)
20. "What you cannot as you would achieve, You must perforce ..... as you may." (Shakespeare) (10)
23. Turn rude if you want to be cared for. (8)
24. It may be held in high or low. (6)
26. English school where the English should be good. (7)
28. Undaunted, he ran past. (7)
29. Way a famous violist treads. (3, 8, 4)

DOWN

1. It comes from hating the stingy from dusk till dawn. (7, 3, 5)
2. "And a day" will make it longer than eternity. (7)
3. It's not odd to find a Welsh vegetable rising. (4, 4)
4. Roosevelt left the fiddler with little to do. (4)
5. Volatile gal? (3)
6. The French goon is all wet. (6)
7. Cracking good place for monkey business? (3, 4)
8. January third, for instance. (5, 2, 3, 5)
13. Tenor, material, and half a Leicestershire pie. (6)
14. Not men who catch shell-fish for gangsters. (6)
17. A teapot's broken! (8)
19. Took a long time to dress? Rubbish! (7)
21. Give ear to it in wayward fashion. (7)
22. Buzz to raise the spirit of 27 repeatedly. (6)
25. It's somewhat too slow for a city. (4)
27. See 22. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 1 down. Fit as a fiddle
4, 16. Tight as a drum
10. Daumier
11. Legates
12. Lehar
13. Notepaper
16. See 4
19. Oui
20. Adore
22. Audit
23. Eel
24. Onyx
26. Reiterant
27. Melba
29. Ovoidal
32. Mineral
33. Seedtime
34, 1 down. Second fiddle.

DOWN

1. See 1 across
2. Touch
3. Skier
5. Ill
6. Hag
7. Antiphony
8. Asserted
9. Grand opera
14. Triple time
15. Piano
17. Ruddigore
18. Mitre
21. Bar-rooms
25. Ballad
27. Mange
28. Largo
30. Dot
31. Lam

(297)

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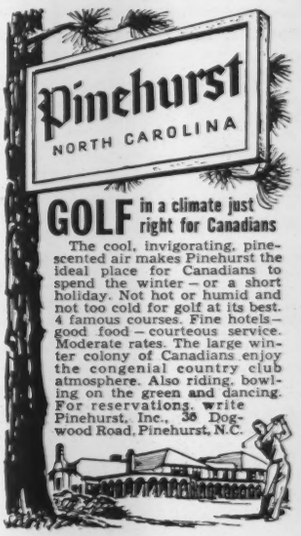

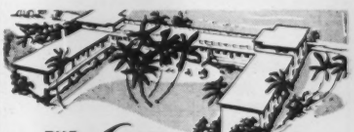

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Saturday Night

Letters

Meeting the Queen

IT WAS with great indignation I read your Front Page article of Dec. 19.

From personal experiences I have never seen "vacant faced men and simpering women" in the crowds lining the route the Queen was to pass along. I have seen elated, loyal men, women and children wait patiently for hours to pay tribute to one who is the living symbol of the unity of our Commonwealth.

It is unfortunate that more people cannot come in personal contact with our Queen, but any thinking person must realize if she meets our chosen representatives of church, military, civic, provincial and federal affairs that is all that can be expected of her and leaves no room for envy and jealousy by those of us who stand on the side lines.

Montreal (MRS.) C. C. BALLANTYNE

Co-Education

AUTHOR Scarfe (Jan. 2), I fear, is sadly off base in his anti-co-education article.

He advocates the segregation of adolescent boys from girls, clever boys from not so clever boys, humanists from technical students, ad nauseam. Did it ever occur to Mr. Scarfe that while "individual differences" ought to be preserved, the more important thing is learning to get along with all types of people? Perhaps fewer marital, social, and labor troubles would arise with better, mutual understanding.

Montreal J. A. STEPHENSON

The Finest Brew

WITH Mr. Frederick St. John I also belong to that Company of Tea Drinkers, but not to the effete transparent China set. With due respect to Mr. St. John, it pains me to advise him that he knows nothing of the real core and root of the matter which after all is the preparation or the process of brewing the tea. The cups, be they China, tin or even a small pail, are only a means of conveyance.

Now, out of the goodness engendered by the season I am going to enlighten the gentleman.

The scene of operations should be out in the woods. This is not absolutely necessary, but it helps. The equipment is simple and not costly. A tin pail, well blackened by previous use, is desirable, and, of course, a handful of tea—any kind. Melted snow should be used, but any water reasonably clear of debris will suffice. Bring the water to the boiling point where it foams over the bucket. Now dump in the tea; snatch the pail from the fire for a moment and then replace it till it boils over again. There it is—a brew fit for the Gods. There is the odd individual who adds sugar to this but he does it stealthily so that his fellows will not know of his infamy. No true tea drinker would ever desecrate this brew with milk, cream or any other addition . . .

Fort Frances, Ont. M. D. ROSS

Canadian Epigrams

IN YOUR January 9 correspondence, Mr. Alex R. Fischer wonders where the Canadian epigram writers are. I would like to draw attention to the poems of J. S. Wallace. Mr. Wallace has the courage (and the ability) to correct Pope. He says:

"Brevity is the body of wit
But insight is the soul of it."

On Canadian trade Mr. Wallace has this to say:

"If we put all our eggs in a Yankee basket
We'll all end up in a Yankee casket."

More such pithy comment is to be found in his latest book of poems, "All My Brothers."

Toronto VICTOR HOPWOOD, Ph.D.

A Fund Suggested

I AM A subscriber to three daily newspapers, and in each one recently, in the Letters to the Editor, I have noticed a repeated complaint from British immigrants — or rather, I should say English immigrants, because from the context of their remarks I deduce that most of the letter-writers come from London and its environs. The complaint is always this: they were grossly deceived in their hopes of making fat livings in Canada, and if they could scrape up the money for the return trip to London they would leave Canada as fast as they could. My heart bleeds for these people, and I suggest that a patriotic fund be started to buy steamship tickets for these people; let's help them to get back, and so make everyone happy . . .

Toronto FRED B. JAKES

The Third Programme

YOUR Front Page columnist raises a very much graver issue than his out-of-hand condemnation of the BBC Third Programme as obscure, pretentious and pedantic. His assumption that in a democracy only a majority taste has the right to find expression, if acted upon, could kill all culture in a generation.

In democracies minorities pay the same taxes as everybody else, often to support projects of which they disapprove or for which they have little or no use. Even on a purely cash basis they have the right to a little return for their money. Or is it now accepted that in a True Democracy minorities have no rights?

Edmonton E. V. HATTERSLEY

Of Many Things

IT IS to be hoped that Mr. Thomas Hendricks will pass along his practical advice (SATURDAY NIGHT, Dec. 26) to the School Board of the City from which he writes.

Some years ago when Sir Michael Sadler was visiting in Canada he was asked, "Why is it that England does not have universal education?" He replied, "Because England cannot afford it; neither can Canada but you do not know it yet."

Winnipeg OSCAR O. STRETCH

DOES YOUR correspondent, James MacGregor, who objects to cluttering up the mails with Christmas cards which express only a "tawdry commercialization" (SN, Dec. 26), not realize that the Christmas card was begun as a commercial venture and wasn't intended to be anything more than a successful one? Such sentimental value as the Christmas card may have, has accrued through the years, one instance of the kindlier side of commercialization.

Victoria (MRS.) L. J. DENTON

YOU ARE doing a disservice in advocating easier penalties for criminals . . . Pleasant jails and easy fines are no deterrent at a time when men and money are cheap. Let the lash be used more frequently and with greater severity, and the crime rate would drop. . .

Calgary GILBERT EDMUNSTON

WHY does the Stratford Festival need a "big name"? . . . It was understandable for the first year, but not for the second. There are many fine actors and actresses in Canada who could handle the roles. . .

Winnipeg FRIEDA KEMPERS

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
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The Backward Glance

45 Years Ago This Week

THE ISSUE OF SATURDAY NIGHT for January 23, 1909, causes us to revise our long-cherished support of "poor little Serbia," which some of us may remember was attacked by the might and main of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1914, thereby starting off one of the bloodiest wars of history. An article on page two of the issue at hand was headed "Sanguinary Servia," and recounted that at a patriotic play in Belgrade none of the actors would consent to portray Austrian soldiers, so some gypsies had to be hired for the job. These unlucky gypsy substitutes were the targets of uncounted insults and missiles from the audience, and were attacked with great zest by the actors playing the part of Serbians (or "Servians" as they were then called). Two of the gypsies had to be removed to hospital, and the author, when he appeared for a curtain call, was presented, not with a floral gift, but with a repeating rifle.

The shape of things to come was treated airily under the title, "The Nation's Airy Navies", in which the writer scoffed at the silly idea that various nations, especially Germany and England, would be forced to construct large fleets of aeroplanes in the future, with which to wage war on one another. He spoke of Germany building 50,000 war planes: "Then a fresh cycle of hysterical competition will be started, and the Wright brothers will feel that business is picking up after all and that financial depression has no terrors for them."

The *Toronto Telegram* took a dim view of mollycoddling murderers in 1909, according to the following reprinted in SATURDAY NIGHT: "Canadian jurisprudence now requires that a candidate for the gallows shall have the high mentality of a college professor and the rugged health of a prizefighter . . . It is a question of whether anybody is either sane enough or healthy enough to be hanged in this country if the refinements of Canada's criminal code are properly invoked in his defence."

That there's nothing new under the sun is a tried and true cliché, but we are reminded of it more and more as we delve into recent history through back copies of this magazine. There isn't an evening goes by that some television announcer doesn't ladle a spoonful of dark powder from a small glass jar, place it in a cup, add hot water, and stir himself a cup of coffee, or a reasonable facsimile. During the 45 years between 1909 and 1954, whole generations of coffee drinkers used saucepans, coffee pots, percolators, electric dripolators, and glass Silexes to brew coffee that came out of bags, sacks, jars, cans and vacuum-packed tins, mixing with it (according to their taste or lack of it) salt, baking soda, egg-whites, egg-yolks, and egg shells, and later on used various methods to get rid of the soggy grounds and to scour the stained utensils, just to make themselves a cup of coffee. Today Nescafé, Chase & Sanborn, Maxwell House and others have realized that coffee is much simpler to make in the cup, something that Camp Coffee told them in an advertisement in SATURDAY NIGHT way back in 1909.

"Notes From New York" noted that the New York coroner's report for the year had just been published. "Of the 5,443 deaths reported in Manhattan during the year, 2,362 were of a violent character, and only 3,081 due to natural causes. The number of homicides, 554, shows a decrease of 158 over 1907, while suicides show an increase of 76 over the previous year. Shooting seems the most popular method of self-destruction, 174 choosing this way, with gas asphyxiation, which claimed 160 victims, running a close second."

Under the head, "British Aims for 1909" fifty well-known public leaders wrote answers to the question asked in the English paper, *The Christian Commonwealth*: "What is the one thing above all others for which the British people should strive in 1909?". Bernard Shaw said: "The nation should feed its children as freely and as well as it feeds its sea gulls." H. G. Wells considered that the nation should strive for clear thinking; Keir Hardie tersely replied: "Socialism."

And to all you ladies who have figuratively clutched the handsome form of moviedom's Tyrone Power to your bosoms over the past fifteen years, let us tell you that he is only the namesake of an actor who played the role of a drain man in *The Servant In The House* at Toronto's Princess Theatre in 1909. If you don't believe us we'll show you his photograph in the magazine, looking exactly as a drain man used to look in those days, and not a bit like the Tyrone Power of *Second Honeymoon* or *The Rains Came*.

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